

The Critic

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The Coming Transit of Venus.

THE planet Venus is now brilliant in the evening sky: on the 26th of September she reached the eastern limit of her course, and at present is sliding westward with continually quickening speed. On December 6th she will pass between us and the Sun, crossing the southern edge of the solar disk as a small black spot—not so small, however, but that it will be easily seen by the naked eye. In this part of the country the transit will begin about a quarter before nine and will end about half-past three.

There is nothing specially interesting in the phenomenon itself; but its rarity, and the fact that by its proper observation it can be made to measure for us the distance of the Sun and the scale of the planetary system, have given it high importance among astronomers. As a rule, these transits occur in pairs, with an interval of eight years between the two of each couple, and more than a century between the successive pairs. Thus far the only transits which have been observed are those of 1631, 1761 and 1769, and that of 1874. After the transit of next December there will not be another until the year 2005. The coming transit will be visible from beginning to end over the whole of South America, and all the Atlantic slope of North America. Its beginning, but not its end, will be visible in south-western Europe and over nearly the whole of Africa; the end, but not the beginning, in Eastern Australia, New Zealand, and most of the South Sea Islands.

This, of course, is not the place to explain in detail the exact process by which the distance of the Sun can be deduced from observations of a transit. It is enough to say that at any given instant, observers at different stations will see the planet at different points upon the solar disk. Now, if by their observations they can furnish data which accurately designate the precise points occupied by the planet at given moments during the transit, then the problem is solved—the thing is done. The observations are made in three different ways. The simplest, and the oldest, is merely to observe, at the beginning and end of the transit, the moments when the edge of the planet just touches the edge of the Sun—technically, 'the contacts.' A second method is to measure from time to time during the transit, and as often as possible, the apparent distance of the planet from the edge of the solar disk. This is done with a peculiar instrument, designed expressly for the purpose, and known as the heliometer. The third method consists in making photographs of the solar disk with Venus upon it—as many as can be obtained during the whole time of transit. These pictures are afterward 'measured up' at leisure. Whichever method is used, it is desirable that during the observation the Sun should be as near the horizon as possible, consistently with reasonable steadiness of vision; and the stations to be occupied are selected with this point in mind. The regions to which parties are being sent by the different Governments are chiefly these: In the Southern Hemisphere, South Africa, Patagonia, and the southern portions of Chili and the Argentine Republic, New Zealand and Australia. In the Northern Hemisphere the stations are mostly in the United States and Canada, though one party goes to the Sandwich Islands. All the parties are to observe 'contacts,' and the French and English are to do little more.

When Halley directed attention (about 1680) to the astronomical

value of these transits, he supposed the 'contact' observations would be accurate within a second or two. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The atmosphere of the planet, the effect of what is called 'diffraction,' and the inevitable imperfections of the telescope and of the human eye, all conspire to produce an uncertainty of many seconds of time, and this becomes millions of miles in the final result. The best authorities are now practically agreed that from the whole body of several hundred observations made in 1761 and 1769, nothing more can be legitimately concluded than that the sun's distance is probably somewhere between 91,000,000 and 95,000,000 miles—its parallax somewhere between 8.6 and 8.9. It was hoped, and confidently expected, that a century's improvement in telescopes would correspondingly improve the 'contact' observations: but the results in 1874 show very little gain. From the 'contacts' observed by the English parties, such astronomers as Airy, Tupman and E. J. Stone deduce, respectively, parallaxes of 8.76, 8.81 and 8.88, corresponding to a range of 1,250,000 miles. These discrepancies are due merely to slight variations in the interpretation put by the computers upon the language used by the observers in describing what they saw. So gradual, elusive, and perplexing are the phenomena (the writer speaks from vividly-remembered experience) that it is impossible to fix upon any moment and declare that that, and no other, is the true instant of 'contact.' Every precaution, however, is being taken to make the observations as good as the nature of the case allows. The telescopes to be used are all nearly of the same size—5 or 6 inches in diameter; the observers are on their guard against illusions; most of them have been practised on 'artificial transits'; and many of them saw the transit of 1874: it may fairly be presumed, therefore, that some advance will have been made since then.

As to the heliometric method, its use will be pretty much confined to the German parties—who will observe in this country at Hartford, Conn., and Aiken, S. C., and in the Southern Hemisphere at Bahia Blanca (Buenos Ayres), and the Straits of Magellan. The Yale College Observatory will also make observations of the same sort with the magnificent heliometer it has just received from Repsold—the only one in the country.

The photographic method, as tried in 1874, proved for the most part a failure, and the international commission, which met at Paris in the spring to arrange for the observations of the transit, declined to recommend its further use. At that time, however, the measures of the American photographs had not been published. They, and the series of photographs made by a Russian party at Port Possiet, seem to be an exception to the general failure. Most of the photographs were made by attaching a camera with an enlarging lens to a comparatively small telescope. In this way very handsome pictures can be obtained; but there will be more or less distortion, and it is very difficult to get the data for calculating its precise amount and effect. It is still more difficult to ascertain the precise *scale* of pictures taken in this manner—i. e., the number of seconds of arc corresponding to each inch on the plate. It is essential that on a 4-inch picture of the Sun, the distance and direction of the centre of the planet from that of the Sun should be measurable with an error not much exceeding $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch, and the scale must be ascertained with corresponding accuracy. In order to secure this degree of precision, the American astronomers discarded the enlarging lens, and used telescopes 40 feet long, which give directly pictures of the requisite size. For obvious reasons, the telescope is placed horizontally and exactly north and south, and the sunlight is directed into the object-glass by a flat mirror, driven by clock-work. A delicate plumb-line, hanging close in front of the plate, and photographed upon every picture, determines what is called its 'orientation.' The scale is got with extreme precision by a careful measurement of the distance between the object-glass and the sensitive plate. The only ticklish point in the whole apparatus relates to the absolute flatness of the mirror; but the skill of the Clarks seems fairly to have conquered this difficulty. At any rate, the results deduced from the American photographs in 1874 appear to be at least as self-consistent and authoritative as those obtained by either of the other methods. American astronomers are, therefore, very anxious that photography should have another trial next winter, and full provision has been made for this object.

Just at the close of the last session Congress appropriated \$75,000 for the transit, and eight parties will be put into the field, provided with the same apparatus which was used in 1874. Professor Newcomb's party has already sailed for the Cape of Good

Hope. Professor Boss goes to Santiago, Chili; Assistant Smith, of the Coast Survey, to New Zealand; and Lieutenant Very, U. S. N., to Santa Cruz, in Patagonia. Assistant Davidson, of the Coast Survey, will observe at Fort Thorn, New Mexico, and the Naval Observatory professors (Hall, Harkness, and Eastman) will observe, respectively, at San Antonio, Texas, Washington, D. C., and Cedar Keys, Florida. Each party consists of from four to eight persons, including the photographers.

The different American observatories are all preparing to make such observations as their equipment and the weather will allow. Princeton is proposing to photograph the transit with just such an apparatus as that of the Government parties, and Harvard may do the same, though that is as yet uncertain.

It is a pity that the probabilities for good weather in this part of the country are not better—not such as to encourage any considerable labor or expense in preparation; yet it will not do to let the opportunity of a century pass untried. CHARLES A. YOUNG.

Literature

Mrs. Kemble's "Records of Later Life."*

THIS is a second instalment of Mrs. Kemble's delightful autobiography, carrying on the story of her life from 1834—when she was married, and where the 'Records of a Girlhood' ended—to 1849, when she returned to America to make Lenox her home. Like its predecessor, the present book is made up largely of letters written to Miss Harriet St. Leger and to Mrs. Jameson; in fact Mrs. Kemble is occupying the curious and unusual position of editing her own correspondence. And this suggests the remark that although she has published five books of prose, yet she has never written one directly for the press. Of course, her contributions to the departments of poetry and the drama, as the librarians have it, stand apart; but it may be said that no one of the five books of substantial prose was primarily intended for the public. The 'Journal of a Residence in the United States,' published in 1835; the 'Year of Consolation,' published in 1847; the 'Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation,' published in 1863; the 'Records of a Girlhood,' published in 1878; and these 'Records of Later Life' are all made out of diaries and letters. It is, perhaps, in great measure owing to this accident of their production that all these journals and records are such pleasant reading. Not having been written for the public eye they have a freedom of expression and a personal charm which are rare qualities in literature. In letters sent off on the spur of the moment to a most intimate friend, we get a freshness of impression and a frankness of expression not to be found in memoirs written with one eye on a posthumous reader. 'Every man his own Boswell' was Dr. Holmes's suggestion in the 'Autocrat'; but Mrs. Kemble has been her own Lockhart. And so interesting and entertaining, and in truth so instructive, is the result, that we trust she may give us still further records, bringing her letters and journals and reminiscences down to date, for neither in the present book nor in any of the earlier ones are we taken beyond 1849, when the writer was only forty. Some critics have objected to the digressions and disquisitions with which these records abound. What would they have? Digression is the soul of self-expression. Man is not born, nor woman either, to talk in a beeline; and those who discourse with most wisdom and eloquence rarely take the shortest course between two points. In one sense, indeed, this book is all digression and disquisition—and herein lies its charm. A letter written at the time and when the event was fresh is interrupted and accompanied by a commentary written now out of the fulness of wisdom, and when time has proved the sum. An amusing anecdote is capped by a more amusing incident which occurred later; and we have an adroit combination of the repartee of the moment and of the 'wit of the staircase.'

Mrs. Kemble takes up her narrative five months after her marriage and describes the loneliness of her life in the outskirts of Philadelphia; but she makes no allusion to her marital infelicity: her husband's name does not appear once in the whole book. Nor does she refer to the extraordinary hubbub excited by the publication of her American Journal. She dwells on the delight with which she went to Lenox and on the horror of her residence on the Georgia plantation. She tells us that she refused Lydia Maria Childs's request to publish the Journal she kept there for

Elizabeth Sedgwick, feeling that she was then bound not to do so; and she tells that she did finally publish it, in 1863, because she was living in London among people who 'like most well-educated members of the upper classes of English society' were strong Southern sympathizers, and she felt it a duty to bear her evidence to the righteousness of the cause which sought the abolition of the iniquities she had seen. We have an account of Mrs. Kemble's return to Europe and to the stage, and of her beginning those readings from Shakspeare which called forth one of Longfellow's best-known sonnets. We are told of her re-appearance in the brilliant society of London, and of her friendly relations with Rogers, Sydney Smith, Mrs. Grote, Charles Greville, Chorley, Thackeray, Lady Dacre, and Lady Morley, and of her unfriendly relations with Lady Holland. We follow the first appearances on the stage of Mrs. Kemble's sister, Adelaide, afterwards Mrs. Sartoris, and we are informed about the various incidents of the tour taken by her with Liszt, then at the beginning of his career. We read of Mrs. Kemble's trip to Italy, the journal of which appeared as 'A Year of Consolation,' and of her acting with the rough and gruff Macready. And throughout the book we are perpetually delighted with pertinent anecdotes of prominent people—many of which have been hitherto unprinted—and with admirable writing of Mrs. Kemble's own. As we have said, it is at once entertaining, interesting and instructive—and in using this final adjective we had in mind especially the passages referring to the theatre. Among the readers of this journal there are no doubt not a few young ladies whose souls kindle at the glowing words of Juliet and of Rosalind, and who would like to go on the stage and act Shakspeare. Mrs. Kemble had been on the stage and had acted Shakspeare, and with the greatest possible success. Yet she left the stage as soon as she could, and never felt any desire to return to it. 'My very nature seems to me dramatic,' she wrote. 'I am fond, moreover, of the excitement of acting—personating interesting characters in interesting situations, giving vivid expression to vivid emotion, realizing in my own person noble and beautiful imaginary beings, and uttering the poetry of Shakspeare. But the stage is not only this, but much more that is not this; and that much more is not only by no means equally agreeable, but positively odious to me, and always was.'

The proof-reading of the American edition of this volume is extremely bad, and the English edition is marred by the omission of an index, which the American publisher, following his usual custom, has provided.

"The Prophets of Israel."*

RECENT critical theories about the composition and authorship of the books of the Old Testament were sure, from the first, to be eventually put into some popular form, and the same holds true of the modern theories of interpretation, the historical endeavors to understand the progress of thought among the ancient Hebrews, and the precise meaning which the words of Scripture had to those for whom they were first spoken and written. But it makes a great difference in what spirit this popularization occurs, and if Christian people understood the state of the case fully, there would be few dissenting voices in the general expression of gratitude to Prof. W. Robertson Smith for presenting these views with so much reverence and religious faith. The views themselves cannot be kept secret, and the choice between works like Prof. Smith's and such a book as 'The Bible for Learners' cannot be doubtful. But not only this: it is of positive advantage. It is even (to use a term which once would not have excited the smile it may now call forth) to edification, to learn to regard the history of Israel as a genuine, human history. It becomes more real, its lessons more practical, its judgments more impressive. The hand that points out those characteristics in the Old Testament which bring its narratives closer home to us is not a profane hand.

Prof. Smith treats his subject with great clearness, and with a felicity of expression which attracts at the outset. Among the more particular merits of the book are the following: (1) His emphasis on Israel, in its organic capacity, as the principal subject of God's dealings with the people. This, as he justly remarks, is a notion difficult for our intense individualism to receive and entertain, but it is none the less one of the fundamental ideas of the whole Old Testament. God's covenant is not primarily with each individual Israelite, but with the nation as a whole, looked at as one moral person, and with individuals in virtue of their membership in that nation. (2) The distinct portrayal of each prophet's life and work as conditioned

* Records of Later Life. By Frances Ann Kemble. \$2.50. New York: Holt.

* The Prophets of Israel and their Place in History, to the Close of the Eighth Century, B.C. Eight Lectures by W. Robertson Smith, LL.D. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

by his own time, the inward corruptions of the Northern Kingdom in the case of Amos and Hosea, the threats of Assyrian invasion in the time of Isaiah, and the like. A great source of the vividness and picturesqueness of parts of the book is to be found here. (3) The tracing out of religious ideas in their growth, from crude beginnings, where faith was disfigured by superstition and materialistic conception, to the gradual triumph of more purely spiritual ideas. Of course this could have been shown more clearly if the scope of the lectures had been more extended, so as to take in the great prophets of the 7th and 6th centuries, but these we are half promised in a future book.

It cannot be denied that these and other merits of Prof. Smith's lectures are offset by a few grave defects. We believe he makes a great mistake in setting Joel after the exile; and it is instructive to read the extremely guarded remarks, on this very point, of Prof. Reuss, in his 'Geschichte der Heiligen Schriften Alten Testaments,' when we remember that Reuss is the pioneer of this whole critical school. Moreover, Smith of course assumes all that, in his previous lectures, he believes himself to have proved, in regard to the post-exilic origin of the ritual law. This colors his treatment of all the history. We have no desire to ignore the difficulties in the way of the traditional view. Some of them appear insuperable. But the insuperable difficulties are not all on one side. Leaving out of account the large class of objections which may be, and have been, raised by specialists, it is worth the while of any who are captivated by the apparent simplicity of Prof. Smith's theory to seek answers to the following questions: How can the vision of Ezekiel have been the basis for the very different prescriptions of the priestly code? How can Ezra, the scribe and student of the law, have put forth his own work as dating from early times? How is it possible that the people should not have been aware of the recent origin of the law, if it was framed quite anew, after the captivity? These questions, and such as these, are of immense difficulty—none the less because they appeal to the ordinary commonsense—and will, sooner or later, be recognized as such by the more sober-minded of the critics themselves. Meanwhile, Prof. Smith is doing good service in keeping the popular mind awake to the movements of critical thought.

Modern Persia.*

THOUGH he lacks the experience gained by a long stay in Persia, Mr. Stack had peculiar advantages. He had eight years of Indian life, during which he had learned to speak and read Persian; his official position prompted him to look at matters from the stand-point of political economy. To Englishmen, the chief value of the log-book of his six-months' trip homeward from India will be found in his resumé of the land-revenue system of Persia, his reports concerning the growing preponderance of Russia in the fears and respect of the people, and his estimates of what Persia might yield in the way of minerals and commerce, should England take possession of the land under the nose of the Russian Bear. For geographers, Mr. Stack has something of use in many names of towns heretofore loosely located, and in the descriptions, often concise and always graphic, of parts of Persia seldom visited by Europeans. For lovers of the picturesque and artistic, he has something also, though it must be confessed that those who care solely for such things, will have to wade through a great deal of repetition and dry chronicle. The reader often feels impatient with a man who so evidently has an eye for color, when he stints his descriptive passages for the insertion of commonplaces of travel that have no earthly bearing on nature or art, politics or religion, ethnology or human nature. Queer English, or rather sloppy English, occasionally drops from his pen.

The famous island, Ormuz, has nothing of its ancient grandeur left but the massive fort, in ruins. 'The rest of the island is a circular mass of salt—a fantastic arrangement of salt-hills confusedly flung together, and remarkable both for form and color.' In the middle of Persia, the salt glitters during night-marches under the moon; many a brook is undrinkable, many a spring brackish; miles and miles of 'kavir' form howling wildernesses, where men and animals perish, lost or overtaken by snow- (or sand-) storms—literally 'howling,' for in Persia there are instances of the strange noises in the desert which superstition attributes to demons, and science to the moving by the wind of hard metallic sands.

Mr. Stack found the Persians very outspoken in condemnation of their rulers. Much reason for this must exist; mere grumbling will not account for it; yet Mr. Stack acknowledges that as a whole, the country is more prosperous than it was ten years ago, in spite of two consecutive years of scanty harvests. He was there last year, and the Emperor had a number of regiments drilling under native officers, who had been taught by Austrians. The commands were given in German, framed to suit the Persian mouth. Against the insinua-

tions of some travellers, and many passages in Persian literature, he gives high praise to the Persian women for modesty and decorum. Yet he speaks of passing women bathing, quite nude, in a river, and of others, higher in station, who abruptly stopped and questioned him as to his nationality. The following naïve incident, though of course isolated, rather testifies to the innocence than the lightness of Persian women:

A young person stood outside desiring to consult me on medical matters. Being introduced, she proved to be a fine young woman, fair, and well dressed. She kept playing with her veil, but took care to let me see her face abundantly: it was decidedly good-looking. She wanted medicine, she said—any kind of medicine. But for what sort of ailment? To this I got no answer except downcast looks and writing on the floor with her toes. Sayyid Ali entered upon an explanation. 'This young person,' said he, 'is now in her sixth year. She has had four husbands, who have successively died. She now desires a medicine which will enable her to procure a fifth husband.' This soft impeachment the damsel did not attempt to deny. I regretted that I had neglected to provide myself with any medicine of that nature, and she retired in disappointment.

While at Karman, the news came of the assassination of the Russian Emperor, by the Nihilists. 'There are Nihilists in all countries,' said the Persian Governor. 'We have our Nihilists in Persia, whom we call Bâbis.' These are the secret adherents of a prophet martyred in the second half of this century, after two of his alleged disciples had attempted to assassinate the Shah then ruling. Recently, two worthy merchants of Isfahan, accused by a personal enemy of being Bâbis, were dragged before the Governor and executed for no other offence. The Bâbis are peculiarly offensive to the regular clergy, because of the purity of their morality and the singular excellence of their lives.—The singing of Persians is described in the most burlesque vein, and the accounts of boy-dancers are not alluring. The traveller was told of little Cabuli girls, of nine and ten, who have been known to dance and sing all night.—The natives make a beautiful plaster for walls, cutting it out in fantastic patterns. In the middle of one of these they will often insert a chromolithograph of European make, taken from a bale of dry goods, and representing a beauty of the wasp-waisted, painted-cheek variety—their idea of the highest Western art.—At Firuzabad, in a gorge near the ruins of an old fire-temple, Mr. Stack found rock-sculptures, somewhat in the style of those at Persepolis and other famous places. He begins to describe them, then suddenly breaks off; and this is only one of many instances where he tantalizes the curious by a much-too-brief notice of singularly interesting things.—On the whole, he compares Persians favorably with Hindoos, especially in regard to physique. There is little caste-exclusiveness or religious bigotry among them. 'They are a quick-witted and ingenious people, highly imitative and ready to adopt the manners of Western people.' And Mr. Stack evidently looks forward to the time when they shall fall, like a ripe fruit, into the hand of England.

Oscar Wilde's Protégé.*

MR. RENNELL RODD dedicates his verses to Mr. Oscar Wilde—'heart's brother'; and in his lines there certainly breathe a sweetness and an innocence that may account for the situation. For Mr. Wilde has made himself so prominent with his 'Introduction'—an essay in the vein of his lectures in this country, wherein he tells, for the fortieth time, what has been said by better men before him; he is so patronizing to poor Mr. Rodd; he so postures and poses as the would-be leader of the English 'jeunes guerriers du drapeau romantique,' that all that is left to the poet whose work he is commending is to wish for some cave in which to hide his belittled head. Looking at the vellum covers of the book, at its rough-edged transparent pages printed on one side only, at the apple-green tissue-paper between the leaves, and at the Japanese head- and tail-pieces in colored inks, one demands of one's self what favorite son of Apollo must this be who does not hesitate to masquerade in such pretty robes. The answer is an egotistical introduction, full of the commonplaces of the band of painters who can be ranked as impressionists; and thirty-two songs, sonnets, and pieces of verse, by a slender-voiced songster, innocent enough not to see what the real use is to which he is being put. After the braggadocio bass of Mr. Wilde, comes the weak (though sweet) treble of Rennell Rodd. Is he a man, or some romantic girl in the costume of a page and troubadour? The sooner he escapes from such tricks as his 'heart's friend' is playing him, the better; for there is such a thing as killing by over-praise as well as dwarfing by assuming the patron. Should the reader, attracted by the cover and singular paper, and misled by the unlucky eulogies of Mr. Wilde, plunge seriously into the book, he may bring up with a sneer at the lines:

And I sit here alone, alone,
And have no word to say.

Or he may take Mr. Wilde's praise for earnest, and turn to 'On the Border Hills' in search of 'its fiery wonder of imagination,'—especially in search of 'the strange beauty of its eight line.' He will find

'That dies along the desultory breeze'

* Six Months in Persia. By Edward Stack, Bengal Civil Service. 2 Volumes. \$4.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Rose-Leaf and Apple-Leaf. By Rennell Rodd. With an Introduction by Oscar Wilde. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co.

to be this strangely beautiful line, and throw the book down with a grimace. Yet it would be unfair. Mr. Rodd is not a robust singer any more than Mr. Wilde. Indeed, he shows far less promise than his friend. He has nothing that compares with Wilde's 'Ravenna'—the poem that gave people in England hopes of a new poet; nor with Wilde's 'Ave Imperatrix.' Had the latter been content with a brief preface—had he written this and no more—he would have been more of a friend:

Some of these poems are as iridescent and as exquisite as a lovely fragment of Venetian glass; others as delicate in perfect workmanship and as simple in natural motive as an etching by Whistler is, or one of those beautiful little Greek figures which, in the olive woods around Tanagra, men can still find, with the faint gliding and the fading crimson not yet fled from hair, and lips, and raiment; and many of them seem like one of Corot's twilight just passing into music; for not merely in visible color, but in sentiment also—which is the color of poetry—may there be a kind of tone.

But to boost his own fame, he leans too heavily on the fragile work of Mr. Rodd. It is sweet, refined, lady-like verse-making, of a kind that might prejudice one favorably toward the writer. For example,

REQUIESCAT:

He had the poet's eyes,
—Sing to him sleeping,—
Sweet grace of low replies,
—Why are we weeping?
He had the gentle ways,
—Fair dreams befall him!—
Beauty through all his days,
—Then why recall him?
That which in him was fair
Still shall be ours:
Yet, yet my heart lies there
Under the flowers.

But it has no vitality, no virility, nor does it possess the delicate workmanship that Mr. Wilde, admirer and imitator of Théophile Gautier, ascribes to it. Mr. Rodd has found in Oscar Wilde a bold and ingenious editor, but a poor friend.

Two Stories by Bret Harte.*

We wish some one had been at Mr. Harte's elbow while he was writing 'Flip,' and stayed his hand, here and there. We wish some one had advised him to leave the squaw out, whom Mr. Lance Harriott impersonates, and urged him, moreover, to change the close of the story to something less unmitigatedly horrible. The first half of the tale is thoroughly charming, whether it deals with Lance unwashed, the grimy, dusty, sun-caked fugitive from justice, who has killed a fellow-gambler; or with Lance washed, the round-faced bather, who amuses himself with the antics of squirrel and gopher, and whose 'large, blue eyes were infantile, in their innocent surprise and thoughtlessness'; or with Flip, the freckled Diana of the spicy wilderness, who manages her father, the charcoal-burner, and, in her own, wild, slangy way, does more acts of true charity than the elegant subscribers to midnight-missions. But in the second half the drama becomes both too complicated and too bloody; there is a surfeit of horrors. The probabilities are strained when we find an old woodsman like the charcoal-burner, albeit he is a monomaniac on the subject of diamonds, unable to detect the difference between a real and an amateur-theatrical squaw. Nor is it easy to see what good the squaw does, or why Lance should not have done much better to keep to the woods and whistle for Flip than to have risked discovery on the part of the father. Be that as it may, the story is too good not to make one feel a trifle ungracious in criticising it. Few of Mr. Harte's early things are better. It has the old stamp of locality about it; perhaps in no story is the 'local color' stronger and more piquant. Mr. Harte is like an able impressionist, who puts in the main masses of his landscape in big pieces of the most uncompromising colors, and leaves the eye of the observer to join them into one harmonious whole.

In 'Found at Blazing Star' we are again with gamblers, murderers, and express-robbers. Indeed, the English reader who thinks of emigrating must get a peculiar idea of the West Coast, if Mr. Harte's tales come in his way. The best character is a soft and easy-going miner, named Cass Beard, of whom becomes enamoured a young woman named Porter who lives a somewhat detached and erratic life, not at all a fast life, but an independent existence, free from chaperones and family ties. As in 'Flip,' the denouement leaves one vaguely dissatisfied, while one readily acknowledges the freshness and originality of the story as a whole. The tears of Miss Porter, in the stage-coach, when she has been insulted by the 'brute' Hornsby, are not affecting to Cass Beard only. They will touch every one who thinks of the number of young girls in the United States who run about without attendance. 'I never before met any one who was rude to me,' she says. 'I have travelled all over the country alone, and with all kinds of people, ever since I was so high. I have always gone my own way without hindrance or trouble.' A speech true to life, that speaks well for the United States, and yet contains a warning.

*Flip; and, Found at Blazing Star. By Bret Harte. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Coming Democracy."*

THIS book strikingly illustrates the change that has taken place in the treatment of democracy by the higher classes of England, since the last reform bill. But a few years ago, it was constantly maintained by the greater part of the upper, and by a considerable portion of the middle-class, that the admission of the working people to the suffrage would endanger, not only the established institutions of the country, but the very existence of society itself, at least in any form in which it had ever yet existed. It was asserted, and apparently believed, that if the workingmen were allowed to vote, they would use their power to advance their own class-interests at the expense of the rest of the community; and there were not wanting people who held that civilization itself would thus be placed in imminent peril. But now, after fifteen years, in which the masses have had a large measure of power, none of the frightful consequences that were once predicted have come to pass; and it is beginning to be discovered that the working-people, after all, are not so unreasonable, or so revolutionary in their aims, as they had been represented to be. Accordingly, we find the political leaders and writers of England taking an entirely new attitude toward the working-classes and toward democratic society generally; and the book before us is one of the most significant indications we have seen of this change of view. The work is devoted in part to a consideration of what the democracy, when it has attained its full development, is likely to do with its newly-acquired power—what ideals it is likely to have, and what changes it will probably effect in politics and society. The author, who is a conservative, concedes that considerable changes must necessarily be made in the land-laws, and he thinks it not improbable that the democracy may try to throw a larger part of the burden of taxation on the upper and middle-classes; but he has no fears of socialism or anything resembling it, and evidently views the advent of democracy with much greater equanimity than would have been possible to a conservative a few years ago.

But the most significant thing about the book has yet to be noticed. The work is, to a great extent, an argument addressed to the working-classes, in favor of maintaining the existing political institutions of England—the Crown, the House of Lords, and the established Church. The considerations adduced by the author in favor of such a course are not at all new. Indeed, they are the old arguments with little variation; but their presentation at this time, in a work evidently addressed to the democracy itself, is one of the most interesting of the signs of the times. It shows that the educated classes of England, with their strong political sense and practical capacity, have accepted the situation, and are preparing to lead the democracy as they have led the larger and smaller aristocracies that have ruled the country hitherto. And it shows conclusively, we think, that if the classes that are favored with leisure and education will but do their duty in the way of enlightening the people, there is no danger of violent changes or social upheavals as a consequence of the coming of democracy.

The Life of a Literary Critic.†

HAD Dr. Ripley lived until Tuesday last, he would have been eighty years of age: as it was, he died in the latter half of his seventy-eighth year—a long life, but one which ended prematurely, not for the man himself, but for the world in which he worked. Men of far greater ability have died at a much earlier age, but none too soon for their own reputation or the welfare of the race. The life of George Ripley, however, might have been prolonged for an indefinite term without detriment to his good fame or diminution of his usefulness. To say that he has not been replaced in the position by which he was best known—that of Literary Editor of the *Tribune*—would be to estimate his loss on too low a basis: it is not too much to declare that his place as an American man-of-letters is still unfilled, and is likely to remain so for some time to come. His death was a loss to the whole community, not simply because it removed a man of high literary ability, but because the purely literary ability of the man was supplemented and supported by a personality of singular honesty and strength. America has been fortunate in the number of literary men of high character her institutions have brought forth, and in all this honorable band, there has been none of higher aims or purer life than the subject of Mr. Frothingham's new book. And yet, of course, it is not for his moral qualities that Dr. Ripley has been accorded a place in the present series. He is here to represent a department of literature which he has honored as highly, perhaps, as any American—that of criticism. The founder of the Brook Farm society—it, indeed, so short-lived an institution may be said to have been founded—was a man of progress in more ways than one. Among scholars, he was one of the first to see that literary criticism had become a want too

*The Coming Democracy. By G. Harwood. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

†George Ripley. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. \$1.25. (American Men-of-Letters.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

urgent to be supplied wholly—or even to a considerable extent—by the English quarterlies, or their illustrious representative in America. The multiplication of books, which has increased almost beyond estimation in the years that have intervened, was yet so great, even in Ripley's prime, that literary criticism, to be effectual, had to be transferred in great part to the columns of the weekly and daily press. This fact was as clearly apparent to Horace Greeley as it was to Dr. Ripley, and the failure of the Brook Farm experiment gave the latter an opportunity of devoting himself to a profession which he deemed no less honorable than those in which he had previously labored, as minister of the gospel, and as social reformer.

Dr. Ripley crowded an immense amount of good work into his sixty years of study and professional labor. As teacher, preacher, 'reformer,' expounder of philosophy, literary critic, and encyclopædist, he put to the test all his powers of brains and hand; and neither mentally nor physically was he otherwise than strong. We regret that we cannot dwell at length on his preparation for, and labors in, the ministry which he saw fit to abandon; on his comparatively brief pedagogic labors; on his disheartening attempt to realize the communistic ideas of Fourier—ideas in the ultimate realization of which he never quite lost faith; on his work as contributor to *Harper's Monthly*, and to the other periodicals for which he wrote regularly or occasionally; as Literary Editor of the *Tribune*; and as the coadjutor of Mr. Charles A. Dana—at present Editor of *The Sun*, and formerly Chairman of the Direction of Finance of the Brook Farm Phalanx—in the editing of 'Appleton's Cyclopædia'. But we will say, briefly, that the same law of the division of labor which long since necessitated a literary department in daily journals of the highest class, now necessitates the sub-division of critical labor among specialists. The works which might once have been entrusted to one well-trained scholar must now be put into as many different hands.

We have said less than we intended of Mr. Frothingham's share in this volume, and less than we should have said, had his ability as a biographer been still to prove. But the author of the life of Gerrit Smith had already shown himself the peer of any living American in this branch of literary work. Suffice it to say that this biography (which, by the way, is made up largely of Ripley's letters) will tend to enhance his reputation.

"Songs of a Semite." *

MISS EMMA LAZARUS is a poet, the quality of whose work our readers have from time to time had opportunity to test in the pages of *THE CRITIC*. Starting among the literary people of her own race, her reputation has grown steadily, spreading to a much wider circle, and reaching within the past five years the cultivated centres of scholarly life. Both the artists in verse, and the earnest, sensible workers among liberal-minded men and women, have reason to welcome her cordially as one more strong and efficient champion of thought in art, and of art in the expression of sound thought.

The leading piece in her present volume—'The Dance to Death'—is a drama in five acts—timely, considering the growing attention which the recent action in Russia against the Jews has evoked from the whole decent element in Christendom, and touching home to the pith of the unchristian attitude of Christian nations toward the Jewish people. It is a story of old persecution in the fourteenth century, founded on a little narrative entitled 'Der Tanz zum Tode, ein Nachtstück aus dem vierzehnten Jahrhundert,' told from the Jewish standpoint, with such accessories of incident and passion as the fierce spirit of those times might readily furnish. The plot is thin, fine, not wholly new. Its novelty consists in the Jewish atmosphere and Jewish incident, which seem to be carefully studied, both historically and from the life. The monologue is sometimes too long, but the tone is elevated and strong, the diction fresh, and poetic, and vigorous. Though as a whole the climax is not built up with sufficient power, the conception of it is fine. It does not grow upon us, taking us out of ourselves, and absorbing us as it should; yet it has in it, and in many separate scenes on the journey up to it, strong situations and passionate passages. The scene in the synagogue, where the aged prophet speaks, is one of these. The doom as pronounced in the Town-Hall—together with the defence and prayer of Süsskind in the same place—is another admirably done passage. The bitterness of Schnitzen, and the priestly intolerant zeal and petty spite of Friar Peppercorn, are well developed, while a strong and charming point is made in Leibhaid's devotion to her adopted faith and its personal relations. Much is said of the devotion of the Prince to Leibhaid, but not enough is made of it in a dramatic sense. The action is good when we compare the play with Tennyson's recent work, or even with Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Two Noble Kinsmen'; but rapid movement is an art which in our day is developed to the highest degree, and we see in the weakest and most ordinary stage-plays action which puts to

shame some of the best of the Elizabethan dramatists. This, however, is a part of the growth of the art as an art. Miss Lazarus is not behind in the swift change of scene, in the concise and pointed expression of incident; nor does she fall far behind in those occult connecting links between successive incidents which constitute what we call naturalness of movement; but still her hardest work, perhaps, should be done in this direction. Objectiveness also is a strong point with her, when one compares her with many of the dramatic writers of today—the writers of book-dramas, that is;—and yet she has something still to learn in this direction. Good *still* pictures are common enough; but the moving panorama of life, vivid and firm for an instant, but ever melting into something else, never failing to appear, but ever preparing the way for the next scene, is rarer.

Of firm thought, of clear expression, of elevated tone throughout, of the dramatic power of putting herself into her characters, Miss Lazarus has a rich and promising gift. She has excellent taste and judgment in those details of sound and vocabulary which the poet needs much, and which give delight to the ear. These show in the shorter poems, and especially in her translations from the German, which form no inconsiderable part of the present volume.

"Vice-Versâ." *

'VICE-VERSÂ' is a remarkable book. It has been received in England with a clamor of applause, and deserves all the good that has been said of it. Its author, we are told, is Mr. Guthrie, an English barrister; but if this information were not given on good authority, there would be strong reasons for attributing the book to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the playwright. It is wrought, however, with more finish than any of Mr. Gilbert's acknowledged work; and some of its figures and touches of humor seem a little above his capacity.

The author's method is very singular. He takes an old stage-contrivance,—the transformation of a father into the personality of his son,—and then depicts the results of the transformation as they would happen in real life. This is a simpler and a higher art than that of the Gilbertian series of plays, where the fanciful distortions of facts are so numerous that they finally cease to amuse and become positively wearisome. In 'Vice-Versâ,' Paul Bultitude, aged fifty, becomes Dick Bultitude, aged thirteen, and goes to the school for which Dick was destined. Once there, still speaking and acting like a middle-aged man, he tries to accommodate himself to the spirit of the place, and in a week is almost driven into a lunatic asylum. The art of the author consists almost entirely in choosing the commonest incidents of English school-life and preserving Paul Bultitude's character as he passes through the midst of them. And it is impossible to find him falling into any inconsistency. Not a word is put into Paul's mouth that would not be uttered by any elderly person in a similar position.

Does this consummate skill entitle the author to be classed with humorists like Dickens and Thackeray? We do not think so. His skill is that of the writer of comedy, not of fiction; his observation, though tolerably faithful, is not the observation of genius. His characters are the lay-figures of the stage. Clegg, the cabman, with his scraps of poetic quotation; Stohwasser, the German master, with his grammar; Tinkler, the house-master, with his tales of Homeric exploit at Cambridge; Burdchin, the dancing-master, with his fiddle; Dr. Grimstone himself, with his Johnsonian sentences and his thundering denunciations, which make the boys confess unsuspected crimes, 'as heavy firing brings drowned corpses to the surface';—these are all very familiar to play-goers. Happy thoughts are abundant—and sometimes they are as happy as that about the French verbs, which were 'irregular to the verge of impropriety'; and the style is admirably polished. But the merit of the book is that, having placed a very possible character in a very impossible situation, it never falters in its logic.

It is put forth as a trifle. But it is really a satire which leaves bitter reflections behind. It is an arraignment, jocosely made, of the system of English private schools, some of which are not very different from the establishment of Mr. Squeers. It begins by raising a laugh against the schoolboy's victim; it ends by enlisting sympathy on his side. It exposes those endless meannesses and cruelties which Englishmen laugh at when they grow to be men; and like all good satires it suggests vastly more than it says.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB's new historical work, 'New York Biography,' will be a sequel or companion volume to her 'History of the City of New York.' It will include personal sketches and portraits of 'railroad projectors, merchant princes, political magnates, journalists, scientists, men-of-letters, educators, clergymen, dramatists, artists, poets, City Fathers, philanthropists, and indeed of all leading contributors to New York's present greatness.' A. S. Barnes & Co. are to be the publishers.

* Songs of a Semite. The Dance to Death, and other Poems. By Emma Lazarus. New York: Office of *The American Hebrew*.

* Vice-Versâ; or, A Lesson to Fathers. By F. Anstey. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Critic

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'The first literary journal in America. Its specialty is short reviews and many of them; but we do not observe that quality is sacrificed.'—LONDON ACADEMY.

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'The best literary journal of this country.'—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

The Recent College Troubles.

A HARMONIOUS understanding between the president and the subordinate officers is supposed to be essential to the successful working of a college. And yet we cannot help thinking that the recent dissensions at Dartmouth and Union are a hopeful sign of the times. A president in our denominational colleges is usually selected, not because of the educational ability he may possess, but because of his eminence in the church in whose interest the college has been founded. The choice of the trustees is, in such a case, sure to fall upon some 'safe' man—i.e., a man of strong, old-fashioned orthodoxy, who is uncontaminated by the so-called modern ideas. He is apt to be a man of the intellectual type of which President Bartlett of Dartmouth is a good example. Let any one who wishes to satisfy himself as to the kind of mediævalism which is yet tolerated in the presidential chair of an American college read Dr. Bartlett's contributions to the *New York Independent*, and he will not marvel that his faculty rebelled against him, but rather that they could have worked so long in apparent harmony.

The cause of the troubles in Union College has hitherto been so carefully hidden and so much solicitude has been displayed to 'hush up' the whole affair that it is not easy to arrive at an exact conclusion as to the origin of the difficulty. Nevertheless certain general inferences may be safely drawn. President Potter, although an upright and honorable man, is intellectually of the old régime. He is, like Dr. Bartlett, an autocrat, and requires of his faculty an obedient submission, which, in many cases, where convictions are at stake, no self-respecting man can give. Now, to suppose that a difficulty of this sort can be settled by being concealed and 'hushed up' and that the prosperity of an institution of learning will be enhanced by a patched-up compromise between contending parties is one of those absurdities into which the 'practical men' who constitute boards of trustees are very apt to fall. The president, they say, is a good man, and the professors, very likely, are also good men, and there is no reason in the world why they should not be able to live peaceably together. It is essential to the success of the college that they should do so, and a series of mutual concessions is all that is needed to restore harmony. Thus reasons the average trustee, and on such suppositions he acts. That there can be such a thing as an irreconcilable conflict of principles, which has to be fought out, and which admits of no truce, is a thing which but few trustees would be willing to concede. And yet the history of all the great European universities shows that progress has resulted, not from compromise, but from conflict. An open war of ideas in which the virtue of each shall be tested is a wholesome thing and

need not involve personal ill-will and bitterness. It is a humiliating fact that the great educational battles of the past (as, for instance, that which resulted in the overthrow of scholasticism in the German universities) have been attended with many excesses, and the victorious party has usually signalized its triumph by depriving its opponents of their chairs. But the passions of scholars are not now as fierce as they were then, and battles of thought are no longer fought with clubs and fists. So long, however, as there is a board of trustees back of the president, who support him, and who hold the power of advancement and removal in their own hands, there is a check on that intellectual honesty which alone can precipitate an open conflict of ideas. Every professor (unless he should happen to be—as few are—peculiarly independent) has a strong reason for believing or professing to believe in the creed endorsed by the college-authorities, and he knows that if he should make himself the champion of any kind of heresy, his prospects would be seriously endangered. A kind of intellectual dishonesty is thus encouraged. Young men who look forward to a university career keep their opinions to themselves, and even pretend to believe what they inwardly smile at, because they do not wish to injure their prospects by professing any kind of radicalism which is in bad odor with their superiors. Thus we miss the benefit of the open discussion of vital topics in our American colleges. Such discussion is relegated entirely to the religious and anti-religious newspapers, in which partisans fight and abuse each other, but rarely discuss with that dispassionate temper which scientific training and scholarship are apt to foster.

At the present time, the younger professors in all our great colleges are, with few exceptions, evolutionists; but how many of them are there who dare profess themselves such? At Harvard, we believe, no restrictions exist, and a man does not endanger his position by declaring his acceptance of the Darwinian theory. At Cornell, too, there are several avowed evolutionists who are in no danger of being discharged. But when we except these two, we know of no institutions where a similar freedom of opinion would be allowed. At Yale, Herbert Spencer's books on sociology are used, or have been used, as text-books; and, if we are correctly informed, the Faculty contains several enthusiastic evolutionists; but, whenever the president speaks *ex officio*, it is in a tone of reprobation of the very tendencies which exist in his institution, and which, with his best will, he is unable to suppress. Consequently here too there are elements of dissension, which remain in a state of amicable neutrality. The doctrine of evolution is tolerated, not because it is approved, but because the authorities consider it impolitic to precipitate a battle on that issue. If, however, such a battle should be fought, and one party or the other routed in the mediæval style, the college would in the end have a more definite complexion, and parents would know to what influences their sons would be exposed while pursuing their studies under the auspices of the Congregational ministers of Connecticut.

Declarations of policy mean very little nowadays, because no president, however energetic, can control the teaching of his faculty, especially when he is an amiable and peace-loving man like President Porter, who has no desire to decapitate even an evolutionist. We doubt if even President Carter of Williams, who, at his inauguration, a year ago, started with such a vigorously religious programme, will be able to keep the scepticism at bay which is the pervading spirit of modern life; and if he does succeed, he may reduce his college to the rank of the many similar institutions in the West where the free spirit of scientific inquiry is unknown. It is difficult to find scientifically educated men at the present day who are as orthodox as President Carter, and a certain number of scientifically educated men is indispensable to a college faculty. In fact, it is this very circumstance—*viz.*, that a certain portion of the faculty is apt to be more contaminated with the progressive spirit of the age than the president—which is directly or indirectly at the bottom of the recent college troubles. The cliques and factions which exist in nearly every college faculty are due, not to arbitrary combinations, but to the intellectual sympathies and antipathies which are sure to assert themselves within any considerable body of men. Among a given number of professors, who in most colleges are chosen primarily on account of their special attainments in this or that science, there are sure to be several masked sceptics—men who have studied in Germany and prefer the German university system; and the radically opposed views which often are expressed in the weekly debates in faculty meetings lead, not infrequently, to bitter antagonisms. If these break out into open hostilities, as has been the case at Dartmouth

and Union, the board of trustees is appealed to, a compromise of some sort is patched up, and peace is again proclaimed. But it is obvious that the situation remains exactly as it was before, only the day of decision is postponed.

Mr. Howells's Shakspearian Titles.

THE San Francisco *Argonaut* challenges our statement that 'most of Mr. Howells's titles are taken from Shakspeare.' 'Give us some examples,' it says. As it is the province of THE CRITIC to enlighten the unilluminated, and as Shakspeare's plays and the Cowden Clarke Concordance are presumably inaccessible to the Editor of *The Argonaut*, we willingly grant his request. 'The Undiscovered Country' is from the familiar lines ('Hamlet,' III., i., 79-80),

The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.

'A Foregone Conclusion' is from 'Othello,' III., iii., 416:

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

'A Modern Instance' is from 'As you Like It,' II., vii., 156:

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

'Out of the Question' (or 'out of question') is a phrase of frequent occurrence in Shakspeare. The title of Mr. Howells's latest story, 'A Sea-Change,' is taken from 'The Tempest,' I., ii.:

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

A CURIOUS instance of British ignorance of the doings of American authors is to be noticed in the recent English reviews of Prof. Colvin's admirable volume of selections from Landor. Without an exception, so far as we have seen, this is referred to as the first Landor anthology ever attempted. It is at least the third. So long ago as 1856, George S. Hillard published his 'Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor'; and it was in 1874 that Messrs. T. B. Aldrich and E. C. Stedman chose enough out of Landor's poetry to fill a little volume which they most aptly entitled 'Cameos.' Even Prof. Colvin seemed to be ignorant of the existence of these two volumes, and of Mr. Stedman's long and elaborate study of Landor, published first in *Scribner's*, and reprinted in his 'Victorian Poets.' In like manner, none of the English critics of Mr. Gosse's charming sketch of Gray have noticed the excellent edition of that poet edited by Mr. W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass.

"The Earldom of Mar." *

SO MANY mysteries and obscurities surround the peerages of Scotland that it is astonishing that the rival claimants of titles are not more numerous than they are. There is only one rivalry of this sort now before the public, and that is the competition for the Earldom of Mar. Some genealogists claim that there are two Earldoms, others that there is but one; and it is certain that none but the ancient Earldom is entered on the Union Roll. It is this ancient Earldom of which the late Lord Crawford undertook to trace the history. He was not only an antiquary; he was a poet as well; and the romance which glows in his 'Lives of the Lindsays' lends interest to his narrative of 'The Earldom of Mar.' He took the lead in admitting the claim of the Earl of Mar; he was the foremost in repudiating the claim of the Earl of Kellie. His position as an authority on Scotch peerage law gave weight to his decision, and his volumes will probably be found so conclusive that the vexed question will be laid at rest, and Lord Kellie's pretensions will trouble the peers at Holyrood no more.

"The Meisterschaft System." †

THE great danger connected with this skilful introduction to a new language is that too much will be expected from it. Ten weeks cannot give the mastery of any language; and, even if the time be extended, for the attainment of anything more than a degree of colloquial fluency this method is still only an introduction. But it has this great advantage, that it undeniably is an introduction. The pupil makes the acquaintance of the language under the most natural phase of it—as people use it in home, and street, and shop. The progressive steps are arranged with great judgment; the details are accurate; the signs for pronunciation are generally simple and correct. No doubt, a good deal of tedious, mechanical work is required by this method, but not half so much as (for instance), in practising scales; and not more than in any method which gains the same end;

* The Earldom of Mar, in *Sunshine and in Shade, During Five Hundred Years*. By the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, etc. 2 vols. 3s. shillings. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

† The Meisterschaft System.—German. By Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal. 15 parts. \$5. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

only one gets it here in a concentrated form. The grammatical material is well disposed, and altogether we know of no first book in German from which such prompt and valuable results might be expected. Of course, even colloquial readiness cannot be attained without mental effort and patience; but then, once really attained, it opens the way to a full acquaintance with the treasures of the language. For, although in German literature and science we have to do with a vocabulary much more extensive than that of every-day speech, yet the great pre-requisite is a familiarity, not so much with words as with structure and idiom. For the acquirement of these, a method like the Meisterschaft System is the next thing to studying German among native Germans. The author has applied his method to French, Spanish, and Italian, as well.

Recent Fiction.

WE HAVE read the story of 'Doctor Ben' * with the greatest interest. It is a story 'with a purpose,' but with incident and plot enough to satisfy the most insatiate novel-reader; while the purpose is so admirably wrought out that the reader is filled with the author's enthusiasm. The subject is the treatment of the insane; the text, that 'insanity is sickness;' and the theory, that insanity, being sickness, is capable of cure. We have escaped very far from the old idea that lunatics are criminals, but we are just emerging from the feeling that insanity is a disgrace—something never to be mentioned, to be 'hushed up,' as far as possible, when we chance to have a relative among the unfortunate. 'Doctor Ben' shows, not only admirably, but most entertainingly, the methods of the new manner of treatment. Almost every insane person, unless violent, is sane upon some points, and by carefully cultivating these—music, drawing, whist, billiard-playing, dancing, or what-not; by allowing the patient all the liberty which is compatible with safety; by humoring all harmless fancies; by giving him, if possible, some imaginary responsibility, it is often possible to work an entire cure. The author's 'subject,' it is true, had no hereditary taint of mental disease, and his cure was more practicable from the fact that the trouble was entirely the result of a blow on the head; but the author confidently believes, and inspires us to believe, that in time the secret of hereditary insanity will be discovered. A very close point in the book—lending additional interest to the plot, and most effectively giving additional weight to the 'purpose'—is the fact of Ben's being placed in the asylum, not by his friends—who with a mistaken kindness had resolved on keeping him at home, as he was harmless—but by his worst enemy, who, ignorant of modern improvements in the treatment of the insane, supposed that to lure poor Ben away from home and hide him at one of these institutions, would be to incarcerate him for life where he would never be found, and to subject him to trials that would certainly keep him insane forever. Doctor Ben, however, is completely cured by the judicious management at Hickory Hall, and restored to the heroine—to the discomfiture of the villain, and the enlightenment of an ignorant public.

MRS. OLIPHANT's story of 'Lady Jane' † has the inexplicable charm of all novels that succeed in being delightful in long paragraphs. It is not too much to say of it that it is an exquisite love-story, in the analytical method of Mr. James, but with an airy and delicate grace in the touch suggestive of a feminine point of view. Its chief charm is in the gracious refinement of its tone and in the picture it gives of maidenly simplicity mingled with womanly dignity; but there is much brightness in the book. The lady's-maid comparing a cottage with a palace in the sensible reflection that nobody can sit in more than one room at a time; the perturbed duke, snatching at a smile as if it had been something on the wall and putting it tremulously on; the little clergyman's wife exclaiming, 'A clergyman should have more power! What is the good of being a clergyman if you cannot stop a marriage in your own church? I call that tyranny!'—and advising her husband to telegraph instead of write to the relatives of the bride; only to remark, when his interference proves a mistake, that she 'had always told him he had better not meddle;'—these, and such as these, are delicious touches.

WE could wish there were more about Timothy, ‡ the bright and captivating Baltimore newsboy, and less about his neighbors and his friends, in Mrs. Ireland's story. The opening chapters have an interest hardly sustained by the rest of the book; but we commend it as a pleasant, though unexciting, tale.

THE elements of 'Geraldine and her Suitors' § are extremely simple: a Geraldine, brilliantly endowed in the matter of adjectives by the author; a Major, a Parson, a Cousin, a Colonel, a ship in distress, a misunderstanding, two dangerous cliffs, and a marriage.

* Doctor Ben. \$1. (Round-Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

† Lady Jane. By Mrs. Oliphant. 10c. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

‡ Timothy: His Neighbors and his Friends. By Mrs. Mary E. Ireland. \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

§ Geraldine and her Suitors. By M. C. M. Simpson. 15c. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Minor Notices.

MR. ROLFE's excellent expurgated and annotated edition of Shakspeare is nearing completion. The latest volume in the series is 'Troilus and Cressida' (Harper: Cloth, 56 c.; paper, 40c.) which appeared last month. As this play is not adapted to school-room use, it has not been expurgated.

TO THEIR Franklin Square Library, Messrs. Harper have added a twenty-cent edition of one of Samuel Smiles's most popular and useful books—'Self-Help.' The anecdotes and moral advice of which it is made up fill 193 columns of small type.

GROWN folks will not get 'Billy Blew-Away's Alphabetical, Orthographical, and Philological Picture-book' for themselves, but they will be vastly amused by it, whenever they pick it up from the nursery table where their children have left it. The white silhouettes on a dark blue ground are spirited, and full of fun that can be appreciated by the youngest of 'learners'. As to the educational value of the book, however, we are not so well prepared to speak; and, unfortunately, the whole is marred by a touch of vulgarity. (Lazy Hour Series: Osgood: 75 c.)

THE brief conversational essays which have been published under the title of 'Plain-Speaking,' in the Franklin Square Library, are now issued in cloth, uniform with Harper's Library Edition of Mrs. Craik's works (\$1.25). Everything that the author of 'John Halifax' has written is worthy of preservation, and we commend the sketches in the present volume, not merely as being eminently practical, but as containing an element of brightness not always found in sensible advice. The sketches 'Light in Darkness,' and 'How She Told a Lie,' are alone worth the price of the volume.

'I, too, was a Bostonian!' exclaims the reviewer with pride, as he examines the 'Hand-book of Boston Harbor,' prepared by M. F. Sweetser, and published by Moses King (Cambridge: \$1). As he reads of the beauty of the Jerusalem Road, and scents afar the delights of 'Taft's,' he almost wonders how he has been persuaded to spend the summer anywhere but on his native heath—or harbor. The 'Hand-book' is an elaborate compilation of good illustrations and useful description, combining timely advertisements with appropriate extracts from Whittier, Thoreau, Howells, etc.

MR. W. H. WYMAN has recently printed (privately) an admirable 'Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakspeare Literature,' containing 63 numbers. He has found two writers who doubted Shakspeare's authorship before Delia Bacon published her article in *Putnam's Monthly* in January, 1856. This list seems well-nigh exhaustive, though we think there are articles on the subject in *The Nation* and in *The Saturday Review* which he has not noted: and perhaps a careful examination of the 'Q. P. Indexes' might reveal a stray essay or two not down in the list. It may interest the curious to be told that thirty-six of the sixty-three numbers believe in Shakspeare, and only nineteen disbelieve in his authorship of the plays.

THE prolific pen and scissors of Col. Thos. W. Knox have provided, in 'The Young Nimrods Around the World' (Part II. of 'Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea,'—Harper: \$2.50), not a model book for boys, perhaps, but one which covers a good deal of ground—very nearly the whole surface of the earth, indeed—and which affords a fine opportunity for the gathering together and re-publishing of illustrations that have done duty in other settings. These illustrations are not as unexceptionable in quality as the author declares the moral tone of his book to be, and the letter-press is hardly as fresh as this morning's flowers; but then the work is 'unexceptionable in point of morals,' and the author assures us that 'whatever fiction has been introduced is carefully separated from the domain of fact,' so that we have no hesitation in commending the volume to those boys who care to read of the adventures of other boys—which means to all the boys in America.

IT is only a few weeks ago that a writer in the London *Spectator* was commenting on the comparative infrequency of child-life in the almost universal works of Shakspeare; and now comes a book devoted wholly to 'The Young People of Shakspeare's Dramas' (Appleton: \$1.50). Yet are we not turned from our general agreement with the English critic; for the compiler—Amelia E. Barr—has had to stretch her material somewhat to fill out the little volume. She finds only seven of Shakspeare's plays fit for her purpose, and from these she takes the scant scenes in which the children appear and sets them in a framework of her own prose sufficient to supply whatever is needed of the main story. And this extract and summary is supplemented by a brief historical sketch of the actual children who were the prototypes of Shakspeare's creations. First, of course, we have the Arthur of 'King John,' the foremost and the most lovable of Shakspeare's young people. Then we have the son of Henry VI., the Princes in the Tower, Coriolanus's son, the two sons of Cymbeline, the Boy-Fool of 'King Lear' and Mamillius and Perdita from 'The Winter's Tale.' Of the illustrations it is best to say nothing.

CHILDREN will owe Mr. Horace Scudder 'a debt of gratitude' for the good turn he has done for them in making this excellent collection of the standard fables (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 50 c.); and not only for collecting them, but for 'phrasing' them anew—i.e., putting them into words, not of one or two syllables, necessarily, but simple enough to be readily comprehended by the young. Mr. Scudder's argument in favor of putting a book of fables into a child's hands before any other book is not ingenious, for no ingenuity is needed to prove the point; but it is a clear statement of a generally-admitted truth. The illustrations by H. W. Herrick are as good as could be desired.

WILLIAM WOOD & Co. have just issued new editions of Gould Brown's 'First Lines of English Grammar,' and 'The Institutes of English Grammar.' The only thing that these standard text-books lacked was exercises in analysis, parsing and construction, and these have been added by Mr. Henry Kiddle, whose long services in the cause of instruction have eminently fitted him for the task. What with these two grammars, and the 'Grammar of English Grammars,' Mr. Brown has left little to be done by other workers in this important field. The larger book, 'The Grammar of Grammars,' is intended as a reference-book rather than a text-book. It is exhaustive in its treatment, and is an invaluable addition to the student's or writer's library.

A SLENDER volume, which should be in the hands of all lovers of Longfellow and admirers of Emerson, is that which contains the tributes of the Massachusetts Historical Society to the poet and to the philosopher. The resolution on the death of Longfellow, and the remarks of Dr. Ellis, Dr. Holmes, Prof. Norton, and Mr. William Everett, in support of the resolution, are here recorded; as also the remarks of Drs. Ellis and Holmes (and the letter of the Hon. E. R. Hoar), in support of a similar resolution concerning Emerson; and, in addition to these, Emerson's estimate of Carlyle (originally read before the Society in 1848, and recently reprinted in *The Century*), his speech before the Boston Burns Club, in memory of Burns, and his speech on Sir Walter Scott, delivered before the Historical Society, August 15, 1871. Not the least valuable of the contents of the book are the two portraits. The photograph of Longfellow was taken by Notman (of Boston), this year; that of Emerson, by Hawes (also of Boston), in 1855. They are both admirable likenesses. The volume reflects much credit on the University Press. Almost the only fault we could find with it would be the use of green ink in the title on the cover. Twenty-five copies were printed on Whatman paper, and of these only a few remain unsold. (Boston: A. Williams & Co. Paper, \$2.50; cloth, \$3.50.)

'BE THE first to say what is self-evident, and you are immortal' is the first word in Mrs. Wister's volume of three hundred 'Aphorisms' by Marie, Freifrau von Ebner-Eschenbach (Philadelphia: Lippincott: \$1). There is nothing epigrammatic in the name of this witty German writer, and she has not been the first to say half the clever things in this sparkling volume; but she has given a new turn to many of the oldest sayings, and has added to the store not a few which are as fresh as they are striking. 'Conquer,' says Marie, 'but never triumph.' 'Accident is veiled necessity.' 'The men of today are born to criticise: of Achilles they see only the heel.' 'Have patience with the quarrelsomeness of the stupid: it is not easy to comprehend that one does not comprehend.' 'Nothing is so often irrevocably neglected as an opportunity of daily occurrence.' 'The consequences of our good actions pursue us inexorably, and are often harder to bear than those of our evil actions.' 'Whoso believes in the freedom of the will has never loved, and never hated.' 'We are not always even what we are most.' 'Even virtue is an art, and even its devotees are divided into those who practice it and those who are merely amateurs.' 'There is something so beautiful in trust that even the most hardened liar must needs feel a certain respect for those who confide in him.' It is unnecessary to speak of the merits of Mrs. Wister's translation.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE learn from Messrs. Rees Welsh & Co., of Philadelphia, that 'the party who inserted the advertisement' in which Mr. Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' was characterized as 'a daisy' has no longer charge of that department.

The special edition of Mr. Alcott's 'Sonnets and Canzonets,' embellished with photographs of the friends to whom the sonnets were addressed, was originally sold for \$7.50. The publishers themselves, however,—Messrs. A. Williams & Co.—have since bought back several copies at \$12 apiece. Mr. Alcott's new 'estimate' of Emerson will be limited to 200 copies at not more than \$2 each.

A new work by Canon Farrar, 'The Early Days of Christianity,' in two volumes, is just issued by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., in two editions, one at \$5, the other at \$2. Another publication of the same house is Samuel Kinns's 'The Harmony of the Bible with Science.'

Mrs. Burnett is sojourning at Lynn, Mass.—still at work on her serial, 'Through One Administration.'

The first volume of a new edition of Bancroft's 'History of the United States' will be issued by D. Appleton & Co. in a few weeks. Mr. Godwin's biography of Bryant will appear about the same time.

The October announcements of Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert include 'Plymouth Pulpit' (already mentioned); 'The House that Jill Built,' with illustrations by the author, E. C. Gardner; and 'Dust,' Julian Hawthorne's new novel—the latter two forming Nos. 2 and 3 in *Our Continent* library.

From *The Athenaeum* we learn that Mr. Elliot Stock will publish immediately a volume of 'Recollections of Rossetti,' by Mr. T. Hall Caine, who was the poet's daily associate during the last year of his life, and whose acquaintance with him extended over a longer period. Mr. Caine will print many letters on literary subjects, written to him by Rossetti.

Three periodicals have just published illustrated articles suggested by the Pennsylvania Bi-Centenary—*Harper's Weekly*, *Our Continent*, and the *Magazine of American History*. Miss Elizabeth Robins wrote the first two, and Daniel Williams the last.

In Scribner's fall and winter list, of thirty-five books, only two are English and two French. The remaining thirty-one are American. In Appleton's list of twenty-seven, there are twenty American books and seven English. Harper's list of thirty-seven books (including new editions, but excluding the volumes issued in the Franklin Square Library) comprises one French, two German, five English, twenty-seven American, and two Anglo-American publications. In Macmillan's list of sixty-one works, there is only one of American origin—Mr. Crawford's forthcoming novel, 'Mr. Isaacs.'

Professor David B. King, of Lafayette College, has written a volume on the Irish question, which he has studied during parts of two years spent in Ireland. This book will be published by the Scribners, who also announce a new volume of travels by Dr. H. M. Field.

The Lippincotts have in press a new novel by Mrs. Forrester; a new novel by 'The Duchess'—now running as a serial in the *London Times*,—entitled 'Portia, or by Passions Rocked'; and a new translation by Mrs. A. L. Wister, who introduces the American reader to the German novelist Claire Von Glumer, 'A Noble Name, or The Dönningshausens' being the novel chosen for the purpose.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's delightful 'Mother Goose for Grown Folks' has been added to and revised by the author, and will soon be reissued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with new illustrations by Mr. Hoppin.

The November number of *Harper's Magazine*, which will not be published until the 17th, will contain Mr. Howells's poem 'Pordone.' It describes an incident in the life of Antonio Giovanni Licinio, an eminent Venetian fresco-painter, contemporary with Titian. An interesting illustrated paper by Miss Kate Hillard will describe 'The Home of the Doones,' the family of Mr. Blackmore's Lorna Doone.

Estes & Lauriat make a number of interesting announcements for the fall and winter season. 'Chatterbox,' and its companion, 'The Prize,' contain this year many full-page colored illustrations, in addition to the customary variety of wood-cuts.

The Sun prints an interview with a Mrs. Bogie, an old Scotch-woman, nearly eighty-nine years of age, who lives with her son-in-law, Alfred Rathbun, a well-to-do farmer, near Franklin, Delaware Co., N. Y., and who claims to have been housekeeper at Abbottsford not long after the death of Scott. The old lady has an excellent memory, well-stored with reminiscences of the romancer; and her home is adorned with likenesses of his familiar face, with autograph letters from his pen, and with other relics of her younger days.

M'Clintock and Strong's 'Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature,' and 'Harper's Cyclopædia of United States History,' by Benson J. Lossing, will be withheld from the trade, hereafter, in order to protect the canvassers connected with the subscription-book department of Harper & Bros.

Messrs. Harper will publish next Tuesday, among other books, 'Wanderings in South Kensington' by M. D. Conway, and 'Sterne' in the English Men-of-Letter's Series. Mr. Conway's book will have a cover designed by Miss Dora Wheeler.

A dainty holiday book will be Bell's 'Songs from the Dramatists,' announced by Dodd, Mead, & Co. An edition limited to 200 copies, and printed on large paper, will be issued, and a still smaller edition, on Japanese paper, which is already sold to subscribers. This firm will also issue for holiday sale a volume of twenty etchings by French and English artists, with descriptive text by S. G. W. Benjamin. They have in press, also, a book of family scriptural selections and prayers, arranged on a new plan, by Lyman Abbott.

'A Scamper Through America in 1882' is the title of a book about to be issued in London.

The demand for Emerson's writings has been greatly increased by his death. It is believed that the sales for this year will largely exceed those of any previous year.

'American Hero-Myths: A Study in the Native Religions of the Western Continent,' by Dr. D. G. Brinton, is announced by H. C. Watts & Co., of Philadelphia.

Announcement is made by D. Appleton & Co. of what promises to be an important historical work—'The Republic of the United States,' by J. B. McMaster, of Princeton College. The author's aim has been to make an accurate and interesting picture of American life—the manners and customs of the people. He covers the period extending from the formation of the Government to the outbreak of the Civil War. The first volume will appear in January.

A six-penny reprint of Mr. Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty' has been issued in London. Mr. Fraser Rae is said to have written the elaborate review of this brochure which appeared in the *London Times*.

Harper's Magazine begins its sixty-sixth volume with its December number. Among the announcements for the new year is a series of sketches by 'A Working-Girl,' in which the story of the life of girls who work for their living is told 'from the inside.' The same writer contributes a story to *Harper's Christmas*, which will be published in November.

Susan Coolidge and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney will contribute verses to the next *Wide Awake*.

Professor W. C. Wilkinson has written an ode on Webster which will be published by the Messrs. Scribner. A valuable part of this volume will be the new material regarding Webster given in the introduction and notes. Although it will appear about the time of the Webster centennial, it was not written as an occasional poem.

The *Academy* announces a new book by Mr. G. A. Sala called 'Living London,' which will be illustrated by the author.

Among A. Williams & Co.'s new announcements are: 'Towhead: The Story of a Girl,' by Sally P. McLean, author of 'Cape Cod Folks'; 'Troublesome Children: Their Ups and Downs,' by Wm. W. Newton; 'Holiday Idlesse, and other Poems,' by James H. West; a new edition of 'The Poems of Alonzo Lewis'; 'The Eastern Question; or An Outline of Mohammedanism,' by an Arab; 'Poems,' by Annie L. Angier; 'Rollo's Tour to Cambridge'; and 'The Modern House-Carpenter's Companion and Builder's Guide'.

'Court Life below Stairs,' to be published by Hurst & Blackett, will describe London under the first Georges.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have nearly ready a pastoral story entitled 'Cesette,' which has been translated by C. W. Woolsey from the French of Emil Ponvillion. In its realistic and picturesque character-studies of the peasantry of the South of France, it is said to recall Thomas Hardy's sketches of farm-life in England. The same firm have nearly ready, also, the volume by Andrew Wilson, entitled 'Chapters on Evolution,' which is to contain a popular history of the Darwinian and allied theories of development, and will be fully illustrated.

Of O' Donovan's 'Narrative of his Journey to Merv,' the first volume has been printed, and the second is nearly ready for the press.

Prof. Fisher's paper on the 'Christian Religion,' originally published in the *North American Review*, has been reprinted in pamphlet form by Charles Scribner's Sons. The publication is in answer to a large demand for the paper from clergymen and others; and, as it is intended as a sort of high-class tract, it will be sold at a nominal price if bought in quantities for distribution.

Dr. McCosh announces the programme of a philosophic series. 'For the last thirty years,' he says, 'I have been taking my part in the philosophic discussions of the age. I have a few things yet to say before I willingly leave the arena.' These will be said in five volumes, to be issued quarterly in pamphlet form. The first number will be published about the last of this month, and will be devoted to 'The Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth as Opposed to Agnosticism, being a Treatise of Applied Logic.' The last one is 'A Criticism of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy as Culminated in his Ethics'.

A. Williams & Co. have in press, for issue December 1st, William T. Davis's 'Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth'—an octavo volume of six hundred pages, in two parts, the first treating of the methods by which the Pilgrims obtained possession of their lands, including their various patents, and their negotiations with the merchant adventurers of London, and giving, also, a history of the houses built at various times, with the dates of their erection and the names of their owners, and a history of the churches, schools, manufactures, and government of the town. The second part will be devoted to genealogical records of 700 Plymouth families.

Dr. Sumner Ellis's *Life of the late Dr. Chapin* has just been issued by the Universalist Publishing House of Boston.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy will have a course of lectures in this city, beginning next month. Rev. Drs. Patton (of Princeton), Tucker (of Atlanta, Ga.), J. B. Thomas (of Brooklyn), and the Rev. Mr. Gladden (of Springfield, Mass.), are among the promised speakers. The lectures will probably be delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle.

By order of the Common Council of Boston, a thousand copies have been printed of a pamphlet describing the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the election to the Clerkship of that body of Mr. Washington Parker Gregg. Judging from the portrait of Mr. Gregg, which prefaces the letter-press, we should say that he was not unworthy either of the dinner which formed a part of the celebration, or of the pamphlet in which the celebration is described.

Mrs. Ole Bull has just returned to this country with new material for the *Life of her famous husband*. While Mrs. Bull was sojourning in Norway, Björnstjerne Björnson celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of 'Synnøve Solbakken.' More than 200 of his friends assembled, on August 10th, at Aulestad, the poet's country-home in the Gausdal (described at length in a recent number of *THE CRITIC*). Over the scene of merry-making floated the flags of Scandinavia, and the American Stars and Stripes; and from all parts of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, from Italy, Germany, and France, from Great Britain and the United States, came telegrams of congratulation, and tributes of more substantial value.

FRENCH NOTES.

'*LA MAÎTRESSE INVISIBLE*' is a curious novel by Adolphe Racot (Paris: Dentu). It relates the adventures of an avenging husband, who plays the simpleton to entrap the seducer of his wife. It is one of the last school of French fiction—lurid, sensational, and trashy.—'Les Parisiennes' (Dentu) is a collection of sketches illustrative of the events of the past twelve months, written by MM. 'Mardoche and Desgenais,' and contributed originally to the *Indépendance Belge*.—'Les Dames de Chambeas,' by Constance Gueroult (Dentu), and 'L'Honneur de la Marquise,' by Charles Deslys (Clavel), conclude the list of summer novels.

MM. Hachette publish '*Les Aventures d'un Jeune Gaulois au Temps de Jules César*,' which is a work by the erudite M. Frédéric Mahon, in the manner of Bekker's '*Charicles*.'—Cetewayo's passage through Paris has called out a work entitled '*Les Zoulous et les Cafres*' (Lefort), being a description of the South African tribes, by M. Bénédicte-Revoil.—'Le Secret de l'Or' and '*Les Mystères de la Forêt Vièrge*,' by Louis Boussebard (Dreyfous), are notes on Guiana, thrown into a romantic form.

The latest political works are the seventh volume of the '*Correspondence du Marquis de Serre*' (Hachette), being letters written to M. Chevers, M. de Montmorency, M. de Villèle, and other statesmen of the past.—At the same publishing house appears the second volume of M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's '*Empire des Tsars et des Russes*,' the first volume of which was reviewed at length in *THE CRITIC* of Aug. 13, 1881.—A good many curious political revelations, not altogether favorable to the monarchies, will be found in M. Gautier's '*Etudes sur la Liste Civile au France*' (Plon).

Le Livre for August (New York: Bouton) contains, among other noteworthy articles, an interesting paper by L. Derome on the first editions of Crébillon, the tragic writer; 'Voltaire and Count D'Argenson,' with three unpublished letters from the great scoffer, and a sketch of Houdon's statuette of him; and a very life-like portrait of Jean-François Gigoux, who is treated in an article on 'The Book-Illustrators of the XIXth Century.' At the age of seventy-six, this exceedingly clever illustrator of '*Gil Blas*' wields his pencil with all the steadiness and vigor of his early prime. In its '*Bibliographical Gazette*,' *Le Livre* makes the interesting announcement of a 'posthumous romance' by Longfellow, to be entitled '*In the Harbor*,' and of a biography of the 'célèbre romancier Trackeray.' The September number, in which the latter announcement occurs, has a leading article by Champfleury on The '*Feats of Cabanon*'—a gay spirit of the boulevards, remembered now only by bibliophiles, but the author of a book ('*Un Roman pour les Cuisinières*') which richly merits a choice binding. The Bibliophile Jacob contributes a third and final paper on his literary relations with Balzac, of whose widow a fine etching is presented.

The falling of an original ms. of Laurence Stern's into the hands of Prof. Paul Stapfer has led that cultivated Shakspearian to publish an essay on the English humorist (Paris: G. Fischbacher). The little volume is described as a most delicate and witty analysis of Sterne's peculiarities as a man and a writer. Prof. Stapfer prints a translation of the fragment he has had the good fortune to discover.

GERMAN NOTES.

SOME years ago the Princess della Rocca, a daughter of Heine's sister, wrote, in Italian, the language of her adopted country, a his-

tory of the life of her illustrious uncle. The book was speedily translated into German, but did not meet with a very favorable reception, either from the critics or the public. Not one of the great lyric poets has entered so deeply into the hearts of all classes of the German people as Heine. His songs are household words, wherever the German tongue is heard. It was natural that when an account of his life, written by his sister's child, made its appearance, Germans should look for new information relating to their favorite poet. The disappointment was great when the readers found that the Princess' book was merely a rehash of the numerous biographies written by men who had lived on intimate terms with the poet. There was nothing new or original in it, except the statement that Heine died a good Catholic, which, of course, made everybody laugh. The newly published '*Skizzen über Heinrich Heine*,' from the same pen (Vienna: A. Hartleben), are of pretty much the same stamp. They contain nothing but what can be found much more pleasantly told by Meissner, Strodtmann, Gutzkow, and many others. It is to be hoped that 'die Fürstin della Rocca' will not again attempt to meddle with the memory of her famous uncle.

The '*Lexikon Deutscher Alterthümer*' ('Dictionary of German Antiquities') of E. Göttinger (Leipzig: Urban), has now arrived at the eleventh number, covering the letter M. It is to be presumed that the parts already published contain about one-half of the complete work. The present number gives a series of very interesting articles, under such titles as 'Meistersinger,' 'Minnesinger,' 'Mariolatry,' 'Monks,' and 'Medieval Coins and Currency.'—The '*Album des Classischen Alterthums*' ('Album of Classical Antiquity') of Hermann Reinhard (Stuttgart: Hoffmann) is a handsome volume, containing seventy-six admirably executed chromo-lithographs of objects of ancient mythology, art, domestic and public life, warfare, commerce, costume, etc. Reinhard's descriptions are written in an easy, pleasant style, and make the work particularly suitable for general reading, as well as for the higher classes of schools.

The treasury of Egyptian antiquities is inexhaustible. No country in the world has more engaged the interest of writers, artists, and travellers than the land of the Pharaohs. The latest contribution to Egyptology by Professor Lauth of the Munich University—'*Aus Ägypten's Vorzeit*' (Berlin: Hofmann)—is of particular value to the student of ancient history, as it is a first attempt to classify in chronological order the origin of the monuments which the author has visited. From the conclusions he arrived at, he has—with the assistance of the whole literature of Egyptology, from Herodotus to the present day—presented an outline of Egyptian history, which, as regards data at least, seems to be more reliable and satisfactory than any yet published.

ITALIAN NOTES.

'*EPISTOLARIO DI ALESSANDRO MANZONI*,' by Giovanni Sforza (Milan: Carrara), is the first volume of a new series of Manzoni's letters. He was not a ready correspondent; he elaborated his familiar epistles as carefully as his romances, and the three hundred of the former which are here given are all admirably written. They throw much light on the author's intellectual life.

'*L'Egitto Antico e Moderno*,' by Giuseppe Regaldi (Florence: Successori Le Mounier), attracts attention by the violence with which its author, a scholar and a traveller, sides with the Egyptians. Ismail Pasha he calls 'munificent and magnanimous,' and all who entertained the writer in Egypt are bespattered with his praises, which generally end with commonplaces about Cleopatra and the Pharaohs. It is a book of very slight merit, and does nothing to show how Egypt really stands in the Egyptian imbroglia.

'*Torino è in Pericolo: Si Salvi Torino*' (Turin: Lucatelli) are personal reminiscences of the revolutionary days of 1859, by Colonel G. Cecconi.—The recent bills touching the subject of public instruction in Italy have given occasion for '*La Istruzione e i Reati in Italia*,' by E. Castriota Scander-Begh (Lecca: Salentina), and to '*La Riforma della Istruzione Pubblica in Italia*' (Chiaravalle: Tipografia Industriale).

Science

Laboratory Zoölogy.*

THE late Prof. Agassiz was wont to require neophytes, who wished to devote themselves to the study of natural history, to take up a specimen of a single animal, examine it, and then tell all that they saw. The method was a sound one, but it lacked the very important element of comparison. Its essential was, that the student was compelled to rely upon his eye-sight and his reasoning power rather

* (1) Hand-book of Invertebrate Zoölogy. For Laboratories and Seaside Work. By W. K. Brooks. \$3. Boston: S. E. Cassino. (2) The Cray-Fish: An introduction to the study of Zoölogy. By T. H. Huxley. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (3) How to Dissect a Chelonian. (A Hand-book of Vertebrate Dissection.—Part I.) By H. Newell Martin and W. A. Moale. 75c. New York: Macmillan & Co.

than upon text-books. In recent years this manner of instruction, somewhat modified, has been more or less introduced into those institutions where the professors are investigators and not mere retailers of the facts detailed in the ordinary text-books; but text-books accommodated to the new order of things have been only very lately published. Perhaps the earliest in English was the well-known work, published in 1870, entitled 'Forms of Animal Life', by the late Prof. George Rolleston, of Oxford. We have now the pleasure of introducing a most useful manual on the same plan by an eminently qualified and active biologist and instructor in the Johns Hopkins University—Dr. W. K. Brooks (1). The author has applied himself with zeal to the exhaustive study of a number of forms, and for some years past has had charge of a laboratory by the seaside, especially designed for the biological students of the University with which he is connected, but also generously opened to other investigators. To facilitate instruction, Dr. Brooks has compiled this 'Hand-book of Invertebrate Zoölogy', in which various species of invertebrates—representatives of most of the prominent groups—are successively taken up and their details of structure systematically illustrated, with instructions for dissection and observation. These lessons are supplemented by drawings from the author's own hand. The types which he describes are amoeba, paramoecium, vorticella, a sponge, a hydroid, a star-fish, a sea-urchin, the common earth-worm, the medicinal leech, the edible crab of the eastern coast, the lobster, a cyclops, the eastern grasshopper, a unionid, and a squid. The treatment of the subject has been most judicious, sufficient details having been given to enable the student to correctly appreciate the structure of each type. The work meets a real want, and will no doubt be generally made use of by students of zoölogy. The mode of treatment of the respective species may be exemplified by reference to the common crab (*Callinectes hastatus*). The author premises that 'a student of the elements of morphology can hardly grasp the significance of the structure of the decapod crustacea until he has studied several forms', and suggests that 'if the student has verified the description of the cray-fish or lobster which is given by Huxley, Packard, etc., there will be 'new light upon the significance of the facts'. Instructions are given (pp. 168-185) for the examination, step by step, of the external and superficial features as manifested in (1) the dorsal surface', (2) 'the ventral surface', (3) 'the appendages' (concluding with a recapitulation of the series of somites or segments and their appendages), (4) 'the peristome', (5) 'the sternal plastron', and (6) the attachment of the eyes. Nine figures illustrate this part. In the following section (19), more condensed directions are given for examination of the lobster. Next, 'the general anatomy of the crab' is considered, and in a succeeding section (21) the metamorphosis is described and illustrated. The instructions for manipulation are minute, timely, and such as practical education has suggested as best.

Dr. Brooks's work had been preceded by two others of similar character; one by Prof. Huxley, the other by Drs. Martin and Moale. Prof. Huxley's monograph of the cray-fish (2) is almost a model for the treatment of a zoölogical subject, designed as well for popular reading as for the student who would become specially conversant with the subject and would verify for himself the facts detailed. In a first chapter, 'the natural history of the common cray-fish' is treated in a short concise manner—that is, its habits, its general structure, and its nomenclature. The physiology of the animal is next considered, in two chapters. The morphology, or plan and details of structure, and comparisons thereof with corresponding parts of related forms are next detailed, and in a final chapter 'the distribution and the ætiology of the cray-fish' are discussed. Although nominally devoted to a single animal, the extent to which that animal is compared with others and the deductions which are the result of such comparison entitle the book to the secondary designation which has been given to it—an introduction to the study of zoölogy'. The work is written in Prof. Huxley's clear and graphic style, and is extremely readable. Eighty figures facilitate the understanding of the text.

An instalment—the first part—of 'A Hand-Book of Vertebrate Dissection' (3) is due to a colleague of Dr. Brooks in the Johns Hopkins University (Prof. A. Newell Martin), and a former student thereof (Dr. W. A. Moale). In the part issued, instructions are given 'how to dissect a chelonian'. A species common in Baltimore and other parts of the southern seaboard (the pseudemys rugosa) has been taken as the standard of observation. But as Prof. Martin truly remarks, the particular species examined 'is of no importance, as the end in view is not to provide a monograph of any one species but to show a student "how to dissect a chelonian." And the author is even 'not sure that it is not better in all cases to provide students with species slightly different from the one described; their attention is kept more alert when they find they cannot altogether rely on the description in the book, but have to look at everything carefully for themselves'. The details of the turtle's anatomy are treated in order, the external parts, the osteology, the vascular system, the muscles, and the nervous system, being considered.

The three volumes that have been thus noticed together are to some extent complementary to each other. Dr. Brooks's is the most comprehensive, and will enable the student to form some idea, although perhaps a faint one, of the range of structure among the invertebrate dwellers in the sea; Drs. Martin and Moale's Hand-book will serve to introduce him to some acquaintance with the vertebrates—especially if it is completed; and Prof. Huxley's will supplement both by giving some insight into the principles of zoölogy and the deductions derivable from a comparison of the facts. The several volumes are presented by the publishers in good style, Dr. Brooks's work being especially noticeable for elegant typography and press-work.

Friedrich Wöhler.

ON THE 25th of September, the most eminent and most honored chemist in the world, Friedrich Wöhler, died at Göttingen, where he had been a professor for nearly half a century. He had reached the age of 82 years. Though his university duties, for some years past, had been light, he continued to take an interest in chemical work up to the time of his death. Within two or three years he had contributed papers to various scientific journals.—Wöhler's contributions to chemistry are numerous and important. Among them may be mentioned (1828) the building up in the laboratory, by artificial methods, of that common product of the life process, urea. This is the first instance of the artificial production of a substance obtained from the animal body. The discovery made a profound impression upon chemists, and led to results of the greatest importance to the science. In 1827, Wöhler devised a method for the isolation of the metal aluminium. He discovered methods for the preparation of crystallized boron and silicon. He was, further, associated with Liebig in many investigations, and in the editing of important publications, particularly the 'Annalen der Chemie,' and the 'Handwoerterbuch der Chemie.' Great as was his influence as an investigator, his influence as a teacher was still greater. Hundreds of chemists who to-day occupy prominent positions can testify to his fascinating powers in the laboratory, and to the value of his teaching. If accuracy was ever taught anywhere, it was in the Göttingen laboratory. Powers of observation were there trained as nowhere else. But above all, Wöhler had the rare ability to distinguish between facts and hypotheses, and he was constantly endeavoring to impress the importance of this distinction on the minds of his pupils. He took the facts for what they were worth, and drew only legitimate conclusions from them. He was never carried away by brilliant speculations, though he was always ready to acknowledge the good in every thing. His strength was shown in his masterly objective treatment of the subjects on which he wrote.—A large number of American students have had the advantage of Wöhler's instruction. To many he was not only a revered instructor but a beloved friend.

A New Health Guide.*

SENSIBLE and practical books upon hygiene are always acceptable, for the ignorance of a large number of people regarding their bodily welfare is almost beyond conception. Until a few years ago, we were content to live in unhealthy houses, eat of adulterated food, and defy long-suffering Nature in every way. Of late, the improvement in our mode of existence is much more favorable to longevity. Mr. Turner, an amateur sanitarian of England, has written a handbook that has passed through eight editions already, and we trust will have a large reading in this country. It contains simple and easily understood directions for the treatment of ordinary ailments, tells us how to meet emergencies of various kinds, and presents a wealth of information in relation to the care of the body, in health, and to the management of various diseases. For example, we are told how to wash, to dress, and to eat—and there is much that is novel in Mr. Turner's treatment of even these simple subjects. The author is free from bigotry; he is an advocate of moderation; and, consequently, we find judicious suggestions as to the use of alcohol, tobacco, tea, and coffee. In no way does he follow the example of the thousand and one nobodies who write books of this kind for the guidance of their fellows.

Scientific Notes.

BY AN error in printing, the attendance at the August session of the French Association for the Advancement of Science was given in the last number of THE CRITIC as 20, the final figure having fallen out of the number 203.

Professor Ward's casts of extinct specimens in natural history are to go to the new museum of Iowa College, Prof. Ward having so added to the gift of \$1200 from Mr. George H. Corliss, of Providence, as to secure the whole collection.

* Hints and Remedies for the Treatment of Common Accidents and Diseases, and Rules of Simple Hygiene. By Dawson W. Turner. 30 c. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Subscriptions to the proposed Darwin Memorial (which will probably take the form of a statue, but which may include also a scholarship to carry on biological research) should be addressed to Prof. Alexander Agassiz, Cambridge, Mass. The Chairman of the General Committee (English) is President Spottiswoode, of the Royal Society; and Minister Lowell is a member of the Executive Committee. Prof. Asa Gray is Chairman, and Prof. Agassiz, Treasurer, of the American Committee. Up to the first of October, several thousand pounds had been subscribed.

The Fine Arts

"Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité." *

SINCE April 30th, 1881, the first volume of this new History of Ancient Art has been appearing in weekly instalments of 16 pages each. The whole series, if completed, will consist of five or six volumes. From the general introduction we gather that it is meant to be a work of serious weight, and to supply a want that has not been filled by Winckelmann, Overbeck, or Lübke. Owing to the great wealth of objects recently discovered, and the attention paid of late years to archæology, the books that were authorities not long ago are already weak in more than one direction. Even this first volume, which deals with ancient Egyptian art alone, would have benefited by a delay of a year or so; for not only did important books on Egyptian art make their appearance while it was going through the press, but the singularly fortunate discovery of a series of royal mummies hidden away in a rock-grave came just too late to add the testimony of a new chapter of Egyptian history to the tentative history of her art. From the fact that the first volume deals with Egypt, it is evident that MM. Perrot and Chipiez adhere to the ordinary and traditional belief that it was in the valley of the Nile that the fine arts took their first start:

After all these researches and discoveries, two primitive hearths were therefore distinguishable, one kindled at the very dawn of history in the valley of the Nile, while the other, according to all appearances, began to flicker in Chaldea during an epoch very far distant, yet nearer to our day than that in which Menes opened the series of Egyptian kings. These two hearths had, as it were, crossed their fires at a very early period by the instrumentality of the Phœnicians. There had sprung up across Syria an active and fertile interchange of ideas and products between these two regions, between their religious and industrial centres—an interchange whose traces may be found everywhere in Assyria as well as in Egypt.

Thus, without committing themselves strongly to the priority of Egyptian civilization, they really accept it. The volume now complete is thorougher than former treatises, since the latter could only afford a part of a volume to Egypt; and, at the same time, it is more than a mere compilation. Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez have ideas of their own, particularly in that branch of the fine arts which Egypt pushed to a point never attained by any other land—in architecture. Other branches are not neglected. Sculpture is treated broadly, and with many illustrative wood-cuts. The chapters on Egyptian painting will be found well worth examination. Nothing warrants us in supposing, so we are told, that the Egyptians ever passed beyond the art of illumination to what is now called painting. The industrial arts—glass-making, jewelry-work, etc.—are taken in turn. But the strength of the editors is put on the architecture. With great minuteness the parts of the celebrated ruins of Egypt are laid down and discussed. Mr. Chipiez has restored a number of the temples (on paper), and the text lets a flood of light on the meaning of the singular architectural forms used by the ancient Egyptians. Stress is laid on the variety of architectural schemes in Egypt, as contrasted with the homogeneity of Greek architecture. The chief instances of the use by the old dynasties of the round arch—the form on which so many histories of art have wrongly based their subdivisions—are given with all the insistence that is needed to combat a popular error. Even this year, books on art are appearing which contain more or less explicitly the fallacy that the round arch betokens Roman structures.

While this History of Ancient Art is far from being the ideal of what such a work might be, it is deserving of earnest attention. A translation into English has been announced by a London publisher.

Art Notes.

The Portfolio for September gives the place of honor in its pages to Stephen Parrish, of Philadelphia, perhaps the best of American etchers. 'In Port' is the title of the etching which has been reproduced. It is a characteristic bit of work but not as charming as some others from the same burin. 'Whatever may be the occasional shortcomings of his work,' says the Editor, 'Mr. Parrish is always an interesting etcher. His practice . . . conveys his own way of looking at things, and is really the work of an American who loves his own American lakes and shores.'

* Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité. Egypte, Assyrie, Perse, Asie Mineure, Grèce, Etrurie, Rome. Par Georges Perrot et Charles Chipiez. Tome I. L'Egypte. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie.

The twenty-third annual exhibition and sale of the Artist-Fund Society will be held, under the management of Thomas E. Kirby & Co., at their galleries, instead of at the Academy of Design. The exhibition will be open to the public Monday, January 29, 1883, and the sale will take place on February 5-6, at Association Hall, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue.

The first art-sale of the season is announced by Thos. E. Kirby & Co., at their galleries, Nos. 845 and 847 Broadway. It will include the entire collection of the American Art-Galleries and Art-Rooms, consisting of paintings by Eastman Johnson, A. Bridgman, J. G. Brown, De Haas, Inness, Gifford, Moran, Vedder, and many others, together with a fine lot of bric-à-brac, books, and engravings, the whole valued at \$200,000. This sale is made on account of a dissolution of partnership in the American Art-Galleries, which will be closed on the 10th inst. and re-opened on November 2d under the auspices of The American Art-Gallery Association, with an exhibition of sketches and studies in oils and water-colors by American artists at home and abroad.

The Drama

REASON has at last prevailed with Mr. Wallack. He has begun to purge his theatre from the fumes of the London gin-mills which have so long hung round it. He has not, indeed, introduced any violent deodorizer. He has begun by sprinkling a small bottle of Ess bouquet, rather faint in scent, over his boards, and while looking for something of stronger aroma has presented a little comedy by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, called 'The Parvenu.' These sanitary proceedings will not, of course, suffice to draw back to the house those frequenters whom its recent poisonous exhalations have driven away. Few of the old, familiar faces can yet be seen among Mr. Wallack's audiences. Having been choked with foul sewer-gas, they are still slow to believe that the theatrical malaria can be cured by the nosegays of violets which Mr. Wallack is waving under their noses. Nevertheless, they will come. In time, the odors of 'The World' will have passed away, and persons of delicate taste can resume their accustomed places.

'The Parvenu' has been generally received as a work of the Robertsonian school. It is an honest, unpretentious little piece, highly creditable to all who take part in it. Its tone is studiously subdued; its action is as placid as the stream on whose banks the scene is laid. But it is not Robertsonian. To call it Robertsonian is to be blind to the niceties of stage-work. The late Mr. Robertson's plays, apparently very delicate, were really made of the toughest fibre. Underneath their dialogue, so weak and gruelly, ran an astonishingly powerful current of action and character. They were the outcome of a life's experience of the boards; they were written by a man who knew how to make every pause eloquent; who calculated, with a nicety never paralleled on the English stage, the force of every word and every gesture. His machinery was always the same, the two pairs of lovers, one sentimental, the other comic, with their parents and relatives in the background, supplying whatever little story was needed; and with this simple paraphernalia, like a Hindoo conjurer who performs his tricks unaided and in the open air, he produced his exquisitely-balanced plays.

Mr. Godfrey, on the other hand, has very little sense of stage-effect, and he fires off his dialogue quite at random. In one scene, where his hoyden, Miss Mary Ledger, is seated on the branch of a tree, and her lover, the Hon. Charles Tracy, discusses the points of a race-horse in terms which Miss Ledger applies to herself, the diction becomes suddenly so terse and to the point as to suggest that the dramatist must here have called in extraneous assistance. For as a rule he gives one the impression of being a man-of-letters rather than a playwright, and there are notoriously no stage-workers so weak as men-of-letters—men who are accustomed to trim their sentences for newspapers, or magazines, or novels. And this dialectic habit is fatal to Mr. Godfrey's work. His characters talk, talk, talk. They chop logic about birth, and pedigree, and Burke's Peerage. What they say is very true, very proper, and a thousand times better expressed than Mr. Pettitt and his fellows could express it; but, at the same time, it is quite out of place upon the stage. Mr. Robertson would have put it into action. The moral of 'Caste' is not pointed by Eccles's rant about workmen or the Marquise de St. Maur's twaddle about aristocrats. 'Enter Eccles, drunk' is the way the dramatist conveys his lessons.

This is, perhaps, ungracious. In the way of comedy, we are disposed to be grateful just now for very small mercies, and we cheerfully concede that Mr. Godfrey's work is well worth the attention of educated men and women. His story is simple. Lady Pettigrew, who is the daughter of a City merchant, and is vulgar and purse-proud, is seeking a rich match for her daughter Gwendolen. Sir Fulke, her husband, is a man of ancient lineage, and proves his race by saying 'Yes, sah,' and 'No, sah,' with other cockney pronunciation.

tions into which no English country-gentleman (we may as well inform Mr. Harry Edwards, the actor) could possibly shape his speech. Between husband and wife, they have selected for the honor of marrying Gwendolen, one Mr. Joseph Ledger, a Member of Parliament, who is good-hearted, rich, and H-less. But Gwendolen, of course, loves a strolling painter, Mr. Claude Glynn; and Lady Pettigrew, entertaining the idea for a few hours that Glynn is the Earl of Blythesdale in disguise, allows him to pay his attentions. When the truth is learnt, the parents return to Mr. Ledger; but Ledger magnanimously waives his claim to the girl, and makes her happy with the artist. We fear the day has gone when a story of this sort suffices for an evening's entertainment. Even the most refined of audiences demand some little surprise, just the least little shock to their nerves or their emotions; and here, when once the inevitable artist has appeared, we all know what will happen and how it will happen, and the spectators prepare to go home before half the personages have come upon the stage. A playwright must, indeed, be well equipped with stage resources who ventures into the arena with a plot so scanty as this.

'LES MANTEAUX NOIRS,' words by Harry Paulton and W. Parke, music by Signor Bucalossi, is a poor piece of patchwork now being exhibited at the Standard Theatre. Experts in stage heraldry have been tracing its parentage back to the libretto of Adam's 'Girald', and a student of the Spanish drama would probably decide that it was a popular rustic farce in Castille before the first of the Moors had landed. It is the tale of the maid of the mill, whose affections are sought by a miller, a court gallant, and a king, and who marries the young and dupes the old, and mixes them all up in the dark. Thanks to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, we have been educated out of a taste for this sort of stuff. We have come to learn that comic operas can be amusing without innuendo, and that farces can entertain without any of the old pantomimic devices. Signor Bucalossi's music is feeble and colorless, objectionable both to the musician looking for something to admire and to the street-boy looking for something to whistle. Mr. J. H. Ryley, the Bunthorne of last season, is overshadowed by the rising sun of Mr. Mansfield, an English comedian, whose manner is Mr. Ryley's manner, and whose humor is dry and stimulating. Mme. Selina Dolaro tries to carry the piece with a dash. There are men-about-town, numerous enough to decide the fate of a comic opera, who consider Mme. Dolaro's style particularly 'wicked,' and who look for all sorts of suggestions in her words and ways. If they sought them in 'Les Manteaux Noirs' they were disappointed. Mme. Dolaro plays the part of a peasant maiden, wholly demure and nun-like. Possibly this is the reason that the opera has failed.

'THE VICAR OF BRAY,' at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is infinitely better. Its author is Mr. Sydney Grundy, author of 'Mammon' and other English comediettas known for the sparkle of their dialogue. Its composer is Mr. Edward Solomon, who wrote the music of 'Billie Taylor'. Mr. Grundy has not Mr. Gilbert's touch, and therefore much of his humor falls flat. But the plan of his work is excellent. The Rev. Mr. Barlow, Vicar of Bray—the worthy tutor in 'Sanford and Merton'—is a Low Church clergyman. He has a daughter, Dorothy, and a curate, Harry Sanford. Dorothy loves Sanford, who is a model of correct deportment and irreproachable views. But her father intends her to marry Tommy Merton, a young man of fashion and wealth. At this juncture, the Vicar receives a visit from a deputation of ballet-girls who have formed a Coöperative Clerical Reform Association, and propose that if the Vicar will make his sermons shorter they will make their skirts longer, and that if he will come to see them dance they will go to hear him preach. Among them is Miss Nelly Bly, and with her Tommy Merton forthwith falls in love. This does not suit the book of the Vicar of Bray. To get rid of the objectionable curate he turns from Low Church to High, and Mr. Sanford departs as a missionary to the Cassowaries. In the process of time, however, the Vicar's views become so astonishingly ritualistic that he is unfrocked by the Court of Arches, and Sanford, who has returned from the mission-field, is made Vicar in his place. Whereupon he 'turns Low' again, in order to retain the vicarage, bestows the hand of his daughter on Harry Sanford, and sanctions the union of Tommy Merton with the ballet-dancer.

In skilful hands this would be just as good a plot as any of Mr. Gilbert's. The quarrels of English clergymen are at least as intelligible to Americans as the feuds of æsthetes and dragoons; and the retaliation of the stage upon the church is both neat and pointed. Moreover, Mr. Grundy's songs swing along in very rollicking fashion. But his hand is not sure. He too often brings a fantastic conception to the verge of puerility. He has imitated Mr. Gilbert better than any of his predecessors, and his very mediocre success should warn others from a dangerous ground. Mr. Solomon's music is wire-drawn and monotonous. He has exhausted his vein of English ballad-music, and has not the skill which enables Dr. Sullivan to repeat his themes in a dozen new operettas. His melodies, if occasion-

ally pretty, are invariably commonplace, and there is little reason to suppose that he will ever be a popular composer.

MME. JOSEPHINE GALLMEYER'S appearance at the Thalia Theatre is in many respects the event of the week. She is an excellent mimic. She has much the same personality and unctuous humor which endeared Mlle. Alphonsine to the Parisians. Her imitations of Sarah Bernhardt are chiefly funny for the reason that nobody more unlike the French comedienne could well be imagined. But a female humorist is always a curiosity, and if Mme. Gallmeyer has not the distinction of Mme. Geistinger, she is infinitely more droll and diverting. At four o'clock last Sunday afternoon, she landed from the steamer which had carried her across the Atlantic. Two or three hours later, having eaten a hurried repast and changed her dress, she was down at the Thalia Theatre for a first rehearsal. On the following evening she appeared before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in a New York theatre. To fully appreciate her performances, it is not sufficient to be merely a German; one must be a Viennese, or at least be thoroughly acquainted with the humor of the light-hearted populace of the Danube capital. She is not an actress, but rather an improvisatore. She gives the same outline of the parts assigned to her, but changes the details according to her caprice. 'I wish you good evening!' pronounced in the broadest Viennese dialect, so musical to the Northern ear, were the words with which she greeted her audience. Then she began, not to act, but to talk to the audience. It was a charming *causerie*, touching the latest events in politics, fashion, and art, relating some of the incidents of her voyage across the Atlantic, and even containing some allusions to her twenty-four hours' experience in New York. All this was delivered with touches of sparkling humor, to which the singing dialect gave additional attraction. After this she appeared in a farce, 'Sarah and Bernhardt',—a delightful little burlesque on the famous French actress. The total change of appearance, voice, and manner, that marked this transposition, proved the artist's versatility. The shouts of laughter that greeted this performance made it impossible at times for Mme. Gallmeyer to proceed.

Music

Miss Thursby's Re-appearance.

MISS EMMA THURSBY might well pray to be saved from her friends, the more particularly as she is quite able to take care of herself. An injudicious manager, who seems ignorant of the extent to which musical culture has advanced in America within the past ten years, has claimed for her—and the claim has been pressed by her admirers—a position in the world of art which she has not yet reached, and can never hope to attain. Miss Thursby is not a débutante. She sang repeatedly in Steinway Hall some years ago, and was recognized by impartial critics as a concert singer of great merit. But to compare her with the great queens of song—with Patti, Nilsson, or a score of others—would be absurd. Her manager, Mr. Maurice Strakosch, has published wonderful stories about her European triumphs. He evidently is not aware of the fact that Americans can no longer be imposed upon by fine, foreign names, and foreign testimonials. They are quite capable of judging for themselves. If M. Gounod really did say, as Mr. Strakosch reports, that Miss Thursby is 'la reine immaculée du chant,' he is quite welcome to his opinion. The New York critics and the New York public are equally at liberty to differ from him.

Miss Thursby was received on Monday last at Chickering Hall by a large and kindly-disposed audience. The different songs selected for her re-appearance were all of the highly florid school, and did not afford the artist an opportunity of displaying much variety of style. They were, however, rendered in a very artistic manner. Miss Thursby's execution is admirable. The most difficult passages—*arpeggios*, chromatic runs, *legato*, and *staccato*—were given with delightful ease and faultless precision. The voice was the same—neither better nor worse. It is a small, pleasing soprano, with many sympathetic tones, though of decidedly uneven *timbre*. For music of a higher order than the pretty drawing-room songs she sang on Monday night, it is entirely wanting in breadth and power. A small hall like the Chickering, or the organ-loft of a church, or a good-sized drawing-room, is the proper place for displaying the singer's many pleasing qualities to the best advantage. Elsewhere, she would be out of place.—Miss Winant sang several numbers; among others Beethoven's 'In Questa Tomba.' The beautiful quality of her contralto, and the dignified style of her delivery, make this lady one of the most acceptable concert-singers of New York, and she wisely makes no pretensions to the rank of an Alboni or a Pasta. Miss Maud Morgan, clad in faultless Greek costume, that would have aroused the envy of Mr. Gilbert's rapturous maidens, played some harp-solos, that seemed very much out of place: the execution was good enough, but the music itself was trashy. The New York Philharmonic Club played several minor pieces with great delicacy and admirable precision. The six

gentlemen constituting this little society have wonderfully improved since their first appearance before the public some five or six years ago, and we may look forward with pleasure to the performances of chamber-music which they propose giving this winter.

German Comic Opera.

Comic opera and opera-bouffe reign supreme just now. We have them in different languages and in very different styles, some good, some indifferent, some altogether unworthy of attention. The representations of German comic opera at the Thalia, and (since Monday) at the Germania, are the best. The performances of the 'Lustige Krieg' ('The Merry War'), which have just come to a close at the former theatre, afforded, perhaps, the best presentation of comic opera we have had in this city. Their merit lay not so much in the superiority of the principal performers, as in the excellence of the ensemble. The chorus consisted of girls who could do more than look pretty: they had good, fresh voices, and could sing in tune and in time. The *mise-en-scène* was very good, and the stage 'business' admirably managed. Since the close of 'The Merry War' at the Thalia, Mme. Geistinger has opened, with an excellent support, a short season of comic opera at the Germania Theatre. The Vienna soubrette has, since her first appearance here, two years ago, become a great favorite, not only with her own countrymen, but also with American theatre-goers. There is a refinement in her performances to which we are little accustomed in singers of her school. Her support is inspired with the same appreciation of what is thoroughly artistic and thoroughly respectable. As represented by the German companies, comic opera is not merely a parade of young women in blonde wigs, scantily clothed in fantastic costumes of flashy colors.

The Strakosch English Opera.

MR. MAX STRAKOSCH has opened a season of English opera, at the Grand Opera House, for one week only. The company which he has

selected does not contain the name of a single artist of note. He should be aware that the times when such a combination would have a chance of success, in New York at least, has long gone by. 'The Bohemian Girl' was given at the opening, last Monday night. The performance, both as regards the principals and the chorus, was below mediocrity. The old familiar songs about hollow hearts, which wear a mask, and other hearts bowed down with grief, and dreams in marble halls, were of course encored, as they always are. Miss Van Arnheim, in the part of Arline, and Mr. Perugini, as the Count, were, perhaps, the most acceptable. The others scarcely deserve mention. The orchestra was remarkably good for an otherwise very inferior performance. 'Fatinitza,' as given the next evening, was a little better: but the performance forms so glaring a contrast to the charming representations of the same opera at the Germania, with Mme. Geistinger, that we can only advise Mr. Strakosch to take his whole company down to Mr. Wallack's old theatre to see how the thing should be done.

"Home, Sweet Home."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

We should all feel indebted to you for any facts or arguments you have brought (or may bring) forward in regard to 'Home, Sweet Home,' whether relating to the words or to the music; for it is notorious that we are fast drifting away from homes, and the idea of home, and trying to content ourselves with flats, or boarding-house rooms, or the still more miserable habit of living in two or three places at a time.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30, 1882.

PHILADELPHUS.

Musical Note.

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